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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Neither the naked hand, nor the understanding, left to itself, can do much.—*Bacon.*

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—*Gothie.*

Be what thou art; personate only thyself; swim always in the stream of thine own nature.

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.—*Mme. de Staël.*

True charity is wise, giving when necessity demands—encouraging until the unfortunate can stand alone.

Great efforts come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of mind.—*Bacon.*

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely; too much if expended foolishly.—*Bovee.*

Health, beauty, vigor, riches and all other things though good operate equally as evils to the vicious as they do as benefits to the just.

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will.—*Schiller.*

The bleakest landscape in the world brightens into something like beauty when the sun shines upon it. So love, the richer, sweeter light of the soul, makes any face beautiful.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I believe that labor judiciously and continuously applied becomes genius.—*Lord Lytton.*

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticisms you pass upon his companions. Relations like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.

My belief is that God is slowly and gradually educating the world, not forcing it on unnaturally, but drawing it on step by step, making it work its own lessons as the best teachers do with their pupils. To me the idea of a steady progression, in which man himself may be a co-worker with God is far more beautiful than the conception of a Being who does not work by natural laws at all, but arbitrarily causes this and that to be or not to be.—*Edna Lyall, in "We Two."*

Results are with God. You can not force conviction. You can not create. You can only sow seed. You can only persuade. You can only pray. Enough for you to know that what you do is offering in the sight of God as the offering of a grateful and loving heart. Enough for you to know that "labor in the Lord is not in vain." And how know you but that in the day of Christ you may be given to know that your labor of "love" was blessed to some soul that shall thank you for it through all eternity.—*Canon Pison.*

THE ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND DEATH OF THE DEVIL.

Inspirational Lecture, by W. J. Colville, Delivered in I. O. O. F. Hall, Los Angeles, Sunday Evening, May 13th, and in the Universalist Church, Pasadena, on Saturday Evening, May 19, '88.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

As the celebrated Mr. Wendling, a lecturer of great popularity and ability, has recently delivered his remarkable lecture, "Is There a Personal Devil?" to a large audience in the Hazard's Pavilion, Los Angeles, and the subject consequently has been much ventilated in the newspapers hereabout, we deem the subject of his Satanic Majesty one of particular interest in the present state of popular inquiry, and were it not for Mr. Wendling's special agitation of it, we should still consider it opportune, as we never enter a community and undertake to answer the questions of audiences without having to reply to several pertaining to demoniacal possession, or what Spiritualists frequently designate obsession.

That belief in an outside devil, or in some evil spirits exterior to man, is widespread none will deny, and that there is, in a certain sense, valid ground for supposing the existence of extraneous diabolical agencies scarcely needs arguing; at the same time we can not see how any theory of a personal devil can help to solve the great problem of the ages, the mystery of seeming evil. The very watchword of metaphysicians is, "All is good; there is no evil," and so startling is this affirmation to the ears of many that, having heard it proclaimed, they turn away in resentment from the only system of thought which can possibly explain the riddle of existence in harmony with the idea of infinite love and wisdom in the scheme of the universe.

Now, in common with very many orthodox or semi-orthodox persons who can not endorse Calvinism with its frightful doctrine of election and reprobation, Mr. Wendling endeavors to explain the existence of evil in man by reference to an outside prince of darkness, who injects evil and irrelevant thoughts into the human mind. He considers it fearful to contemplate evil as inherent in man. His view of human nature is too bright and lenient to permit of his attributing evil to man directly; he therefore indulges in the subterfuge of a scape-goat, and argues from Scripture, poetry, and philosophy to prove the existence of a veritable personal devil, whose maneuvers are so incessant and effectual that man is constrained against himself, and contrary to his own desires, to eschew good and practice evil.

Such a theory is at once illogical, nonsensical, and pernicious, as we will now endeavor, as briefly as possible, to prove, and as believers in the sacredness of the Bible are frequently inclined to favor such a ridiculous conclusion, before directing our gaze elsewhere we will take up seriatim, the scriptural narrative on which the devil theory is usually based.

The second chapter of Genesis is ordinarily appealed to, to sustain the theory of the personality of the source of evil in the world, the metaphorical serpent being usually considered as his Satanic Majesty in the guise of a talking snake. This narrative, when intelligently interpreted, however, gives no sanction at all to such a theory; on the contrary, it completely refutes it. Four characters are introduced to us by whoever was the author of this very ancient allegory, which the Jews probably derived partly from Egyptian and partly from Persian sources. We are told of God and His divine voice, of a male Adam, a female Eve, and a representative of a sub-human kingdom, who, in the form of a reptile, undertook to dissuade Eve and Adam from obeying the divine counsel, promising them knowledge and bliss as the fruit of disobedience.

Now, a careful analysis of the four characters already referred to will prove to our satisfaction that these four actors are ever present on the stage of human life. God is revealed to us through our interior nature, through the moral sense or conscience of which none are wholly destitute, though it is quite conceivable that primitive or barbaric races have little

if any conception of this light. Eve, an interior principle, though not the innermost of all, stands for human affections, while Adam, the external man, represents the intellect; the serpent is none other than the animal or lower self-hood.

Now all these elements are intrinsically good; evil is inverted good, and besides inverted good, there is no evil. Evil then has no real existence; it has no fundamental principle; it is not, but simply appears to be.

Inversion occurs only when the affections are led downward and outward, instead of upward and inward, at the solicitation of the animal proclivities, and thus the only devil (old Saxon *de vil*) there is, is inordinate self-love, which means a disregard of the motions of the higher nature in order to satisfy the lower.

This view of the serpent of temptation is at once reconcilable with anthropology and common sense. Who is there who has not felt the promptings of a higher and lower nature; who has not felt the counter influence of good and evil geni? Paul, in the seventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, sets forth the inner conflict with amazing accuracy. After 1800 years the world still feels that what that wonderfully gifted Roman lawyer, Saul of Tarsus, experienced, every one experiences now, unless it be that some are so blunt, so dead to all higher impulses, that living wholly in the senses, they know nothing of the conflict, which can not be said to rage where no contrast of the opposites is presented to the understanding.

We venture to declare that there is not a child in any school or family who can not be brought up to rightly interpret the story of the fall and subsequent elevation of man, for just what every little one undergoes physically, exactly corresponds to what he must pass through mentally and morally. Conflict is essential to growth; without it there could be no growth; no development of moral character. Intellectual greatness is inconceivable apart from effort, and so is moral growth.

Now the symbol of the serpent is a singularly expressive and appropriate symbol of man's lower nature, as being the most subtle of all earthly creatures, and yet a creeping thing; it suggests immediately a something at once attractive and repellent; a something good enough in its own way, and in its own place, but exceedingly dangerous when permitted to usurp the throne of the affections, and thence dominate over human intellect, using it as a servant of sense, when it should ever be the faithful follower of spirit.

Serpents are mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, in which earliest account of creation we are informed that God created creeping things and blessed them. Reptiles were included in the work of the Almighty, which he blessed. The External, we are told, looked with complacent delight upon primitive man, in whom were all the lower kingdoms, and the lower kingdoms themselves were pleasant in the divine eyes. Evil is in man, but what afterwards appears as evil is originally good, and only becomes evil after a conscious act of inversion on the part of man.

All temptation to error comes through the affections, therefore, it is said, the woman tempted man, and caused him to eat the fruit of the forbidden tree. The woman Eva stands for the affectional impulses, which are the desires and wishes of our nature. Our will is not in intellect, but in affection; therefore the old word "heart" is used instead of mind when temptation is alluded to in Scripture. "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," signifies, especially careful as to the bent of your affections, while "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," means that all our conversation and conduct proceeds not from our intellectual convictions or beliefs, but from our loves. Our loves make us what we are; while, in a sense, it is strictly true that as a man thinketh, so he is, it is plainer and deeper truth that as a man loveth, and therefore willeth or desireth, so he is.

To deny the freedom of the human will is to advocate a barbarous fatalism so subversive of human weal as to conduce to the justification of every possible crime and misdemeanor, and surely the intent of all would-be-reformers is to purge the world of wickedness, to rescue the evil-doer from the clutches of iniquity,

reform the evil-doer, and thus effectually protect and elevate society.

Mr. Wendling, in saying that reverence is natural to man, while the devil is always irreverent, and in making like assertions, proves himself ignorant of the entire nature of man as expressed on earth. The spiritual or interior nature is the good genius of our human intellect, and is forever urging us to a higher and nobler state. Reverence is our love for a superior state, and manifests the attraction which the heavens within have for the thinking and reflecting mind; while irreverence is occasioned by the seductions of the lower nature, which is always leading us to the hells or inferior states of our animal existence.

When Paul advised the Corinthians to be on their guard lest the serpent which beguiled Eve also beguile them, he did not refer to a talking snake, which would be a curiosity to-day in any menagerie, nor to a snake which walked uprightly, and was afterwards condemned to crawl, nor to a fallen angel who, in the similitude of an enticing reptile, parleyed with our first parents in a terrestrial paradise. He simply warned them against being led away from higher things by the seducing charms of external nature; and thus he told them to ever be sober and vigilant, lest the inward adversary should lead them, when off their guard, into the flowery but dangerous paths of sensuous enjoyment, when duty or moral obligation called upon them to heed a higher call and follow a diviner lead.

We deny that the sensual nature is an evil nature; it is a lower nature; good after its kind, but good in a lesser degree than the intellectual, as the intellectual in its turn is good in a lesser degree than the moral or spiritual nature; it is a good and useful servant, but an atrocious and tyrannical master. Rightful subordination of the lower to the higher instincts makes man an angel, while inordinate development makes him a devil, and the only devil there is, no better definition of which has ever been given than the old Latin sentence, *Demon est Deus inversus*. We see then at once how in the absolute sense there is no evil, evil being a condition, a state, but not the inherent nature of anything.

Infinite Good is the sole creator, and man makes evil out of good, by turning good upside down; it is then in his power to repent and be converted, and his conversion is his act which turns the good he has inverted right side up again. This spiritual truth is also a truth of reason, and can be amply sustained and aptly illustrated by phrenology, physiognomy, and all kindred external sciences, which, like thermometers and barometers, reveal the condition of the mind whose emotions they portray. A student of phrenology places before him a chart of the human head upon which he sees delineated the various organs of the brain. In the frontal or coronal regions he beholds such words as benevolence, conscientiousness, etc., indicating the noblest propensities; but toward the base of the brain, and at the back of the head, he reads destructiveness, secretiveness, amativeness, etc. Now, if he be ignorant, he will at first assume that the utter suppression of the lower faculties, even to the point of their annihilation, is necessary to the development of a lovely character, and following this mistaken trend of thought, multitudes of self-immolating fanatics have sought in vain to attain the highest heaven here on earth, as well as after the body's dissolution, by torturing their lower propensities out of existence.

Science and reason interpose to say subordinate, do not destroy, for the hells in man must ever be rendered subject to the heavens in man, that divine order and harmony may prevail. To rein in the lower instincts, to make them utterly submissive to higher loves, is the only way to round out a graceful and delightful character. What we call evil then is lower good, and is therefore not evil, evil in actual sense being only possible when a perverse inclination disposes one to subordinate conviction to appetite, thereby reversing the divine order which is that appetite should be subdued by reason, and intellect become the servant and exponent of the divine innermost in man, which is called sometimes the essential *ego*, and sometimes the *atma* in theosophical and other explanatory treatises.

Now, having thus far very briefly given a glance at the serpent, who generally is

regarded as the devil in orthodox circles, let us turn to the Satan in the Book of Job, and see whether we can not account for that mysterious personage without having recourse to any mythical object of mediæval superstition, such as Mr. Wendling and others offer for our acceptance.

In the Hebrew rendering of the Massoretic text, (we mean that translation which is commonly used when the Scriptures are read in English, or referred to in that tongue in Jewish synagogues,) the word Satan is missing, its place being occupied by the word accuser, a word, which, in its original sense, has undoubtedly reference to the ancient idea of an accusing angel whose mission it was to arraign evil-doers before the bar of divine justice. There can be but little doubt that in Egyptian and other ancient allegories the accuser was nothing other than what we are accustomed to call accusing conscience, conscience offended, which, when it raises its protesting voice, to use Shakespeare's immortal phrase, "makes cowards of us all." This same conscience, when it speaks approvingly, makes heroes of us all.

Now, the two personages who appear in ancient allegories as recording angels are probably in their deepest ethical significance two aspects of conscience. In the first case conscience, as the approving angel, smiles on all well-doers; in the other instance this same conscience, as the accusing angel, frowns upon evil-doers and evil doings. Everybody loves the approval, and hates the disapproval of conscience. Whatever conscience is, it is invariably beloved, courted, encouraged when it smiles, while all possible measures are resorted to, to deaden and silence it when it utters a protesting word.

Now, in fighting against this accuser or adversary within man, man is fighting against his best and truest friend, as he eventually discovers often to his own most bitter cost. Just as it is with inward conscience, or the moral sense we endeavor to still, should it upbraid, so it is with all extraneous influences which bear upon us and pronounce judgment on our acts. Many a man has been reduced to ignominy and disgrace by the flatteries of mistaken friends, while the bitter though wholesome tonic of adverse criticism has made giants of many who, had they been left entirely to the tender mercies of particular admirers, would have been dwarfs.

To learn from an enemy, to appreciate hostile criticism, to regard an opponent as a friend, is to learn a hard though much needed lesson. We may many of us pray, if we pray wisely, to be delivered from our flatterers far more than from our censors, and not only is insincere or stupid flattery detrimental to our highest interests, but too much unqualified honest admiration is apt to be injurious, as it leads us into self-complacent modes of thought, and by making us thoroughly contented with present attainments, offers no spur, and holds out no inducement to future victory.

Job's adversary, Satan, proved his best of Satan is not altogether charming the we and most helpful friend. The character must admit. The best elements in the character are undoubtedly charming from ancient writers' recognition of the important part in human evolution, but the darker shades are no doubt taken from those unlabeled attributes of character so often displayed by those who take delight in hostile criticisms of others. Satan is not, however, despicable or unjust; there is nothing mean or contemptible about him; he evidently wants to put Job severely to the test, and after proving him at every point, shows himself incapable of hurting him, while, on the contrary, he shows himself at length Job's greatest benefactor.

There is ample room for considerable divergence of opinion with regard to Satan's motives and intents. A discussion could easily be carried on with considerable vigor on both sides, were one to undertake to defend the character as royal and noble, while another undertook to prove it harsh and unlovely in the extreme. It stands probably for justice devoid of mercy, for a stern, uncompromising, unmarred justice, and whenever justice appears without its consort mercy, it is repellent and severe. We may even go far enough to say that Satan is a personification of one divine attribute, while the Lord, with whom Satan converses, is another attribute. These attributes of

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A Reviewer Reviewed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Your fair correspondent, Mrs. L. E. Woodruff, of date April 15th, in reviewing my criticism of the re-incarnation theory, takes the following exceptions:

1. That it is unwise and ungenerous to ridicule or misrepresent any person or institution, or to deride the exalted order, etc.; this he has done.
2. He starts out with the assumption that Mr. Fox is Eon. Mr. Fox is no more Eon than "A. Y. E." is Eon. "I enjoy a personal acquaintance with Eon, and know he is still in the flesh."
3. Mr. Fox is not trying, he never did try to inculcate any doctrine that he called his.
4. Another misrepresentation of "A. Y. E." I wish to say to "A. Y. E." that Mother Saidie told me, with her own lips, that she had re-incarnated many times.
5. That if it were possible to do so she would gladly lay aside her angelic robes, and again don those of earth, etc.
6. It is incorrect to say that Spiritualists deny the re-incarnation theory because it is illogical, etc.
6. It is a misrepresentation to call the order a mystic order.
8. The question of "A. Y. E." savors more of the derisive than of honest inquiry, etc.

Now, in venturing to reply to these excerpts from your correspondent's letter in your April 5th number, I need hardly say, as I have repeatedly reiterated, that I have no possible desire to ridicule any one's opinion or theory on any subject whatever; so long as—I being a veteran Spiritualist—mere vagaries are not labelled "Spiritualism," and so far from being guilty of "misrepresentation," facts are in fact my forte, and errors, if any in the letter complained of, are in the quotation from your paper. I have not misquoted one word.

1. Answer to charge first: Is it possible to deride a person, institution, or order by differing in opinion with members of that order, and asking for proof of any illogical doctrine? Might not in such case the whole Christian church make the same charge on Spiritualists for questioning their dogma of a dead body resurrection?

2. I had concluded Mr. Fox was Eon from the following excerpts from the communication from the Sun Angel Order of Light in the GOLDEN GATE of Feb. 18th: "While I was in earth-life I met friends of that life who had passed over, but there came to me in materialized form my own guardian angel; she also took my hand in hers, and spoke to me, saying, 'She came direct from the halls of Light. Her angel name and my own dual names were given me.' Here I am happy in spirit life, etc." The fact of many incarnations tells you that not all experience can be met and teach its grand lesson in one earth-life. Such a thing is impossible, but through repeated re-incarnations we learn all life's lessons, and at last are able to rise superior to mortal life. I have a home of light where dual souls dwell. A. W. Fox."

Now, from this statement of Mr. Fox, and that of Mrs. Woodruff, that "he is still in the flesh," he must have recently re-incarnated in order to reconcile the two contradictory assertions, and if he is not, in the above quotation, "trying to inculcate his own doctrine," then he is trying to inculcate Allan Kardec's, or, as Charles Dawbarn says in your issue of May 1st, "under the banner of re-incarnation, that absurd and atrocious teaching of Eastern Spirits"; that is to say a band of Eastern occultist spirits inoculated Allan Kardec, who, I believe, was the first to tack the pernicious doctrine on to Spiritualism.

4. I should not attempt to misrepresent the good spirit Saidie. The article I quoted certainly said "materialize," but if she told your fair correspondent that "she had re-incarnated many times," then I do not understand why she should also say "that if it were possible she would gladly lay aside her angelic robes." Here the question arises, if she has, as above stated, "re-incarnated many times," why is it not "possible" that she should lay aside the robes and re-incarnate herself in mortal form once more, and whenever she pleases? Are the privileges limited? If so, who or what limits them? Surely here is a question not impertinent to ask.

7. A misrepresentation to call the order a mystic order. Webster defines mystic, "remote from human comprehension." Now, if re-incarnation is not "remote from human comprehension," what on earth is? When its own votaries decline or are incapable to answer one question on the subject, and in lieu of proofs or reason or demonstration of any kind except assertion, we are told that the common human mind is incapable of understanding it; and in reply to my serious demand for the *modus operandi* of so startling an operation, I am told that my questions are "derivative!"

Spiritualism is a science, re-incarnation is a myth. If it were a science it could be explained and demonstrated. The modus of the spiritual phenomena has to be learned. There is no royal road, no spiritual road, to knowledge; it has to be acquired. The spirits use instrumentalities; for instance, every spirit can not write on the slate, nor telegraph by raps; he has to be taught. If Tom Jones goes to Paris, he does not immediately acquire the French language, and when he crosses the border, he simply knows more of his surroundings than we do; but that is all. Until he applies himself to acquire spiritual knowledge, and when my brother tells me that he has learned certain electric laws, and that if I will observe certain conditions, he will make audible detona-

tions, then I know that the message I receive is governed by law, and that the conditions of that law are just as imperative as those governing a message sent across the Atlantic; to wit, a chain of communication with intelligence at both ends of the chain—to wit, a sender and a receiver. So also of slate-writing; to those who have discovered or been instructed in the mode, the operation is perfectly simple, and in the hands of Mrs. Francis I have seen the pencil fly across the slate, and on one occasion, where I had given way to a lady who was waiting, they wrote: "We had our apparatus all ready; your delay disturbed our links of connection." This instructed me that writing or rapping is an operation requiring as much delicacy of detail as photography, telegraphy, or any other skillful art. I know that in my brother's case it took him several months to acquire sufficient skill to write me a letter.

So in materialization chemistry is called in to aid; it is not magic; it can be explained; it is scientific; and therefore anything that is incapable of explanation, and relies simply upon assertion, is not scientific, and hence is not true.

I hope now that I have satisfactorily met the objections of your fair correspondent; that with the charming carriage of her sex she will at once acquit me of "misrepresentation;" and that she will accord me the right of denouncing to the assumption by any person, institution or order, celestial or terrestrial, to authoritatively impose, unquestioned, his or its unproven theories upon Spiritualism, as a part, or principle, or dogma thereof. The world has travelled too long under the yoke of authoritarianism; Spiritualism has come to break the fetters, and free-thinkers will never again allow them to be re-imposed.

In future a new theory must have sensible feet to stand upon. "Thus saith the Lord," or "Thus saith His prophet," is played out, and carries no farther weight with those who do their own thinking. And although Modern Spiritualism is so young and made so humble an advent, there is already too much tendency to put on autocratic airs among its votaries.

Take for instance our early friend, A. J. Davis, no sooner firmly established as an authority than he denounced other and humbler mediums as organs of "dyaks." Home, driven crazy by the adulation of nobles and royalties, in fact got the swell-head; Eglinton, tendency that way; and now we have the Rev. Jesse Shepard gone bodily and spiritually over to the Holy Roman Catholic Church, which, with the aid, countenance, and assistance of the Democratic United States President, has just established its headquarters in Washington! While one of our most brilliant inspirational speakers, an apostle of re-incarnation, appears in his lecture, published in the *Banner of Light* May 12th, to have submitted entirely to the authoritarian dictum of an ecclesiastical guide, the lecture being as good and orthodox as a sermon as I ever heard preached from a Bible text by any Catholic or Presbyterian priest.

He says, "You are told again and again in history—in what is termed sacred Jewish history, as well as in the pages of what is called profane history—that there was ever a theocratic administration before there was a monarchy; and in connection with theocratic administration, you have always been told of prophets, who spoke the word which was delivered unto them by the Most High!"

We "are told." Eh—who tells us? Who is it that dares pretend to be the mouthpiece of the Most High? Shall we have another Moses in our midst, and was it the Most High who spoke "the word which was delivered unto him," when he was instructed to slay, murder, and burn, men, helpless women, innocent maidens, and innocent children? Tell us, ye inspired mediums and modern prophets, is this the kind of theocracy you are advocating?

Theocratic! A church government, with priests at the helm, of the United States! Better Cleveland than that! Again he says: "If we look before us, and imagine the Republic of coming days, what vision floats before our enraptured gaze? Is the Republic of the future to be a democracy or a theocracy, or is it both?" Then he answers: "We maintain that the highest Republicanism is theocratic and democratic!"—truly a charming vision to the priests, at least of the "new theocracy," after they had got through cutting each others' throats for supremacy. And here arises the question, Since when has Spiritualism gone into politics? That would be a worse infliction than re-incarnation, pre-existence, and all the other fads put together.

We have now announced, by a celestial caucus, the following plank in its platform: "We have always been told again and again, by prophets of the Most High, that the theocratic administration is the one needed." In this consisted the success in all true theocracy of olden days. There was a long period in the history of Egypt when you are told that the country was ruled by the gods, and later on by demigods?" Gracious sake, what is a demigod? Again, "You read that Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, but most of all great in his spiritual administration, and exceptional in his willingness to obey the divine call!"

Now, I ask, where are we "told" all this? Certainly not in the Egyptian records. From Champollion and Richardson and other Egyptologists, to the present day, not one has found in all the voluminous records of Egyptian history one

word about Moses, or the Hebrew hosts that he led across the Red Sea.

Six hundred thousand fighting men and their families made their exodus, after the most unparalleled performances before Pharaoh, to say nothing of the atrocious slaughter of the innocent first-born Egyptian children, by direction of this "God or demi-God" of Moses, that we are told of, and yet not one word in the history of the country where these astounding events took place! "Oh, wait till we find the tomb of Ramesses," we were told, "then the records will be revealed." Well, the tomb of Ramesses has been found, and within the last year or two his embalmed mummy has been taken to Cairo and photographed, together with his queen, but not a word about Moses and his hosts.

Now, either friend Ramesses has lied by his silence, or the whole Bible story is a fable from beginning to end; and when this fact is fully realized, mankind will breathe more freely, and will shake off the terror inspired by the thought of being ruled by a monster so atrocious as Him pictured by Moses, and the popes, priests, and Calvinists that have succeeded him.

On the other extreme, we have a statement by the *Banner* Controlling Intelligence of April 28th: "We have yet to come in contact with a thorough Spiritualist who directly believes in a personal God."

Now here we have two "controls," each publishing in the same paper diametrically opposite views, authoritatively expressed on the same momentous subject, and both radically wrong. In the first place, it is physically impossible for a high spirit to communicate through a mortal; how much more so for the Most High. Only those spirits that are near mortals can communicate through them. Even those who have only advanced a little way, a little higher, have to communicate with earth's children through intermediate spirits, who are mediums for such intercourse. And as regards the latter assertion, that no thorough Spiritualist believes in a personal God, the definition "personal God" must be first determined. If it means to say "one who thinks"—"a thinker"—then I reply there are thousands of Spiritualists who believe in a personal God, so defined; and every mathematician knows that Kepler settled that question when he announced his three great planetary laws, for he conclusively demonstrated that either the planets thought, willed, and acted out their own thought, or some "one" else did the thinking for them—not the capricious tyrant of the Bible and of theocracy, but the beneficent Ruler of the universe. A. Y. E.

(Writes for the Golden Gate.)

A Spirit's Experience.

Decent, gentle spirit, thy presence shall be like the softest music breathed over the sea; I hear thy soft whisper, I list to its tone, And thy spirit keeps speaking so soft to my own.

I am attracted by your singing, and will give you my experience as best I can to your understanding. It was on the seventh night of my sickness; in a state of insensibility to all around me, and my weeping friends were standing around my couch, waiting to see me breathe my last. It seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell on my ear like rich music, it said, "I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence." In another instant I seemed to rise, and gently borne by angel guides, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us on every side were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away from your world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought.

Soon we reached a resting place, and, ah, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision! Then, in its fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet,

Burst ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured vision All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright Elysian.

Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unvalued eyes, I saw. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as a crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of the lake or river rose up tall and beautiful trees covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river. While I was gazing at the scene, a large company of spirits passed before me. I asked my guide who they were, and what their mission? To this he responded, "They are spirits dispatched to the world from whence you came on errands of mercy." I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but saw no one now but my guide.

Just then there came before us three persons. One had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third a child. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness. There was nothing with which the blessed child could be compared. Its face was all radiant with glory. At length I said, "If I have to return to earth from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to weeping mothers of earth. Methinks they will never shed another tear over their children when they

pass to spirit life. It then passed from me singing in heaven's own strains. Thus I give you a part of my experience. More anon. W. E. C.

ONSET, Mass., May 23, 1888.

Double Test of Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Several years ago, Hon. Bingham, U. S. Senator from Ohio, was visiting Oregon. He came to Salem, where I then resided. It being the Capitol of the State, it was determined to give the honorable Senator a public reception, and Reed's Opera House was selected as the place. Of course the Senator was expected to make a speech (by the way, he was an eloquent speaker), and the Opera House was crowded to its utmost capacity. At this time there were at Salem two fine mediums, E. J. Northcutt and J. A. Lo Muhler.

The speaking was well under way when I stepped from the door of my office to the entrance of the theatre room, where, standing in the doorway was the medium Northcutt, who seemed to be intently gazing at the speaker on the platform at the other end of the hall. On speaking to him, he said, "Col. Reed, I wish you could see what I can on the stage there." I replied, "All there is to see, I can see there as well as you." (There were Governors and judges of the Supreme Court of Oregon, and many other noted men, who were seated around the speaker.)

"No," said he, "I do not mean them, but there is around the speaker the most beautiful tableau of spirits I ever saw. George Washington is there, just behind the speaker; Webster is there, and Col. E. D. Baker; and John C. Calhoun is also there, and keeps a little in the distance on the right of the stage. Abraham Lincoln is there immediately behind the speaker, and is trying to influence or control the speaker. There are also a former wife and daughter of his with him, and a son by his present wife. I can see it all as plainly as you can see the living men there." I knew it was no use to dispute with him, and I admitted that it all might be true. I asked him if he knew where Lo Muhler was. He said, "I think he must be in the audience. I have not noticed him tonight." After making a few remarks, he said his wife was sick and he must go home, bidding me good-night.

I saw no more of him. I then took it upon myself to hunt up Lo Muhler. I found him well up the left of the hall, half way down to the front. I quietly took a seat by his side. He, too, seemed intently buried in thought, and did not seem to notice me. I said to him, "How do you like the speaking?" "Very well, I guess; but I was not listening as much to the speaking as I was intent and interested at what I saw." "Can you tell me what you have seen?" I said. "Yes, indeed I can," he replied, "for what I saw is still there, and they form a very fine group, I assure you. There are Washington, and Webster, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Col. Baker, and, strange as it may seem, John C. Calhoun is there, but he seems a little offish and keeps in the background; but just behind the speaker is Abraham Lincoln, looking as natural as I ever saw him, and he seems to be trying to put the words into the speaker's mouth, but he sometimes seems almost out of patience because the Senator won't say what he wants him to. And there is another thing I see," said the medium, "that man has a son in the spirit world, and he is a fine-looking young man too; and still further there seems to be a former wife, with a little girl with him."

I was much interested in the coincidence of what the two mediums had told me. After the meeting was out, I went to my room and undressed, and was getting into bed when Mr. Lo Muhler came in. I saw at once that he was not himself. I said to the spirit controlling him, "You are welcome here. Please send your medium in that arm-chair, and tell me what you want." "I knew I would be welcome, or I should not have obtruded myself on you at this time of night. As you were an interested party to my administration, and held an efficient position during the war, and knowing that you lamented my untimely taking off, I want to say to you that no man knows better than Senator Bingham did my plans of reconstruction. I was trying to influence him to-night to state to the audience just what my plans were. The truth is, if I had been spared, it would have taken but a short time to have brought about a full and complete reconstruction, but I suppose that the power that is above us all, and controls the destinies of nations, knew better than I what was for the best."

I asked no questions as to who the spirit was, but I could not help feeling that I had had an interview with Abraham Lincoln; and I do not remember of ever meeting two mediums who saw things so nearly alike.

The next day I learned from the Senator himself that he had a son in the spirit world. The other matter was of too delicate a nature for me to investigate. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, May 20, 1888.

Lady of the House—"Jane, who is that girl that just left the kitchen?" Jane—"Oh, ma'am, that's the lady that works for the woman across the street."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUNE 3d. — 1888 — JULY 1st.

— THE —

California Spiritualist's

Camp-Meeting!

— WILL BE HELD AT —

LAKE : MERRITT : PARK !

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.,

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Commencing on Sunday, June 3, 1888, Continuing Over Five Sundays.

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For this season the board have secured the exclusive services of the celebrated and highly recommended test medium,

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Whose reputation in all the leading cities of the East, justly place him in the front rank among those in his peculiar line.

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A class will be held by W. J. COLVILLE every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings during the Camp. Fee for the course of twelve lessons, \$2.50; Single admissions, 25 cents.

The above gentlemen have generously agreed to donate half the proceeds of their respective meetings to the funds of the Association.

TIMES OF MEETINGS.

Sunday meetings will commence at 11 A. M. and 2:00 and 7:30 P. M.; Week day meetings will commence at 10 A. M., and 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

TENTS.

Tents will be rented at the lowest price, which will only cover their cost to the Association.

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Corresponding Secretary,

320 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

Origin, History, and Death of the Devil.

Continued from First Page.

Deity, Justice and Mercy, are often represented as separate and distinct persons holding converse with each other. Indeed the orthodox Christian trinity has originated in many theological schools with this very highly personified description of the attributes of Deity to be met with in ancient Scriptures. God the Father is Justice, God the Son is Mercy, and the two are one. We can not, of course, accept the doctrine of three persons in one God in the sense in which the word person is commonly employed, but we can readily see how the divine justice has given the world a conception of a severe and implacable Sovereign, while the divine mercy has given the idea of an infinitely gentle and loving Savior. A broader view reconciles these attributes to each other in human thought, and a genuine atonement or reconciliation is effected between the divine attributes, so far as we are concerned, when we see them for the first time in their true relation.

The whole difficulty in theological controversy has been that men will persist in arguing about oppositions and changes in the divine character and attitude, while every seeming change in God is only a reflection we behold of a change in ourselves.

When Job is subjected to Satan's buffetings, he is as much in the hands of infinite beneficence as he was before the commencement of those dire catastrophes depriving him of all his possessions, calamities apparently utterly unmerited, and therefore most difficult to understand, and most hard to be reconciled to. Job shows his wisdom truly when he raises the cry, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not also receive evil from the same divine source?"

A flippant critic will point to such passages as these in proof of his rabid and hasty theory of biblical contradictions; but the careful and cautious student, the deliberate thinker, who, perusing ancient records, strives to discover how men thought about the darkest and most perplexing phases of human experience in days of old, will see in it a faithful and penetrating admission that much, if not all, that appears evil is good in disguise.

It was a thought of olden days widely spread that six months in every year were under the dominion of good, and the other six under the control of evil geni. Anyone acquainted with Egyptian beliefs must be aware that the vulgar thought among the unenlightened was that out of the twelve constellations through which the earth annually passes, six were good and six were evil. The reign of the good began in March and ended in September, while the reign of the evil began with the autumnal and ended with the vernal equinox.

In Persia, Ormuzd, the power of light, is represented as creating six gods. Ahriman, the power of darkness, is said to have created six also. But in Egypt, every year on the 25th of December, the victory of light over darkness was celebrated, and the builders of that miracle in stone, the great pyramid of Gizeh, so constructed it that twice every year it should be fully bathed in the glorious light of the sun, the befitting symbol of the eternal and ineffable Deity, whose light never grows dim, and whose goodness is meted out to man as truly in the dark winter of adversity, when man's mortal mind, symbolized by earth, turns away from its illuminator, as in the bright summer of prosperity, when that same mortal thought is in perihelion with the divine.

In the Christian calendar, Michaelmas day, September 29th, is a festival of rejoicing in honor of an archangel's victory over the dragon, and it is a very impressive circumstance, deserving of far more than passing notice that such a festival occurs at the very season when the earth passes into Draco, or Scorpio, the first of the six evil signs. The intent of such a festival, when traced to its origin, is to show that in religious thought God is as much the author of what we call evil as of what we call good; that evil is only some obstacle or impediment in our way, which we needs must overcome; and while trials need to be surmounted, passions to be subdued, and all lower affections to be brought into subjection to the higher, the brought into us, our higher nature, mystical Michael in us, our higher nature, must subdue the mystical dragon, our lower nature. And this lower nature is a blessing, when rightly subordinated, as it affords a substantial base on which the temple of genuine character can stand erect.

The oft-remembered solo from "The Messiah,"—"I Know That my Redeemer Liveth"—is one of the most exquisite portrayals of confidence in the absolute and certain demonstration of real good out of apparent evil ever written. Remember Job, to whom the words are attributed, is in the lowest depths of misery and suffering when he utters them, and the trumpet of his voice gives forth no uncertain sound. He declares that he has knowledge that all is working for the best. Were the word *hope* or *believe*, instead of *know*, it would be inadequate. That word *know* is a note of triumph. The word "Redeemer" can be translated "vindicator," if one prefers that rendering, which is equally correct; while the controverted portion of the passage, "Though worms destroy my body, yet in (or out of) my flesh shall I see God," is really so rich in meaning, that the two seemingly opposite translations are susceptible of a perfect

harmonization. Sometimes it is in the flesh, whilst we yet remain on earth; sometimes it is not till we are out of the flesh, or have cast aside the mortal robe, that we clearly see the divine hand in all our afflictions; but whether in or out of the flesh, the perfect issue is not to be doubted.

The usually orthodox interpretation which makes this passage allude to a physical resurrection is an utter falsification of the entire spirit of the prophecy, and if those who have any doubts on this score will read the last chapter in the book of Job, they will encounter an unanswerable objection to their material idea of a bodily resurrection in a fleshly sense, as Job, after his trials were over, it is said, exclaimed, prior to physical dissolution, when addressing Deity in strains of jubilant thanksgiving, "I had heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." Second Adventism is here robbed completely of one of its chief supports. Its very choicest proof text is seen at once by any enlightened commentator to favor Swedenborg, entirely at the expense of Christadelphus, who relied on it for so much support.

We must now proceed to consider very briefly the New Testament doctrine of demons which needed casting out of minds and bodies afflicted and insane. We need scarcely remind you that demon and demology, in their strictly philosophic sense, are not words of evil import. Socrates called his highest counselor a demon, which, correctly translated, means only an influence operating otherwise than through the medium of a corporeal structure. Now every student of oriental beliefs must be well aware that the Palestinian Jews in the days of Jesus shared the common oriental belief in evil spirits, and looked upon sick people in general, and insane persons in particular, as subjects of an infernal kingdom, of which Beelzebub was ruler.

Without entering upon a dissertation concerning Bel, Belus, Baal, Belial, and all the various names given to the false god whom the Israelites were perpetually encountering in some one of its many forms as an object of idolatrous worship, we may safely conclude that as Aaron's golden calf must have stood for mammon worship, or inordinate greed of gold and other material possessions, this infamous idol, called the prince of infernal dominions, was sensuality. The worship of this hideous monster was the disgusting desire and practice of sensuality in all its hybrid forms of degradation. When infamous idolaters sacrificed their sons and daughters unto devils, they delivered them up to the curse which follows upon depraved and depraving sensuality.

If Mr. Wendling, or any other man who is striving to strengthen the moral convictions of society, and who appears to take particular interest in the Y. M. C. A., would tell the young men and women of the present day that their sensual appetites are the devil, that the source of temptation is in their own lower nature, that they must subdue their carnal appetites by turning their thoughts and affections in spiritual, moral, and intellectual directions; if he would but assure them that the only tempter to be dreaded is the one acknowledged by James when he says, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed;" he would be doing infinitely more to strengthen morality than he is when he seeks to prove the existence of an altogether too convenient scapegoat.

Devils are to be cast out, and how can they be cast out if they are not in us? They are our own impure thoughts of every kind and name, and until we engage in the work of exorcism, in the right spirit and according to the true method, we shall never be able to relieve the insane, or elevate the moral tendency of society. Sensuality in thought is the cause of demoralization or obsession. Lunatic asylums are filled with inmates gratified, or unwilling repression of sensual appetites; and we should never forget, when discoursing on psychic influence, that we draw to us from the unseen states which are all about us whatever our desires attract.

Do we believe that persons on earth are ever under control of outside devils? We believe they become so related to the psychic emanations of the impure minded, that they come under the dominion of error from whatever source it may emanate. Do we believe that sensitives are peculiarly liable to come under such malign influence? That depends entirely, not simply upon their surroundings, but upon their thoughts and dispositions. We attract and submit to whatever we fear or love. We can not resist what we fear or what we love. Resistance only comes with brave and determinate opposition to what we neither fear nor love. A weak, yielding, altogether too negative and forceless habit of mind, leads to insanity. Victims of mental aberration are frequently those who lack mental and moral stamina. They reflect whatever conditions are thrown around them. Indecision and weakness of will lead to insanity; while fear, as well as love of base things, brings us under the dominion of the insidious powers of darkness, which pervade the air.

No moral education is worthy the name unless it promotes vigorous activity of the higher promptings. Children need to be taught the great importance of correct thinking, and should never be left without employment and then scolded for being naughty because they have no proper occupation for brain or hands.

Swept and garnished houses are no safeguards against the approach of evil, for unless we are constantly occupied with good, we fall easy prey to the seductions of any tempter who may chance to come our way. Saloons, gaming halls, and other villainous haunts, will exert no attraction over the minds of youth, if, before exposing young men and maidens to the perils and dangers of a city, parents, guardians and teachers wisely direct their thoughts into channels of usefulness and purity. No disease can invade an organism not receptive to the animalcules in the atmosphere, which are repelled when the body is in a healthy, and invigorated when it is in an unhealthy state.

Pure thought can not but eventuate itself in purity of word and act, and no influence from without can gain an entrance, unless invited from within either by morbid desires or mental vacuity. To resist the tempter is not possible unless our minds are attuned to celestial forces, and then, with the actual, positive force of active, operative good, we can overcome all evil.

Talmage and other sensational pulpit mountebanks, in their insane tirades against Spiritualism, are practically denying God and giving omnipotent power to the devil. Many of the Roman Catholic clergy, including the far-famed Monsignor Capel, are no wiser than Talmage, when treating a similar subject. Concerning the influence of the departed upon those yet upon earth, we have always stoutly maintained that the old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," is literally true, and that close mental associations are impossible of continuance apart from kinship of thought and affection.

If persons believe they have a work to do in elevating those in darkness, and allow mental contact for the benefit of those whom they seek to uplift, we can not conscientiously discountenance their work; but we do maintain that no error is more pernicious than that which allows that man is a creature of uncontrollable circumstances, and therefore must perforce submit to any and every influence which may seek to gain ascendancy over him. Look for the source of evil within and not without. Fortify yourselves by noble pursuits, wise companionship, and elevating trains of thought, at those points where now you experience weakness, and when you feel some dark influence approaching you, and seeking to allure you to destruction, realize that your strength is in perfect trust and absolute confidence in Infinite Good, coupled with sincere and active effort to translate your highest sentiments into noble acts and words.

When Goethe represents Faust in the clutches of Mephistopheles, he shows throughout the play or opera how deftly the seducing tempter plays upon the weaknesses of the student who seeks to win the earthly love of Marguerite, by any wile or artifice an adroit temptation may suggest. As a person, Mephistopheles is anyone who is desirous of rendering a service to another, no matter how unscrupulous the work in hand, if by so doing he can command a greater service from that other on his own behalf. Mephistopheles is not at all outside of humanity so far as his personality is concerned. He is to be found in clubs and drawing rooms, at fashionable fetes and banquets; but instead of wearing a grotesque costume and protruding horns and tail, his dress is of the latest fashion, his broadcloth clothes are of superior material and of latest cut, his linen is immaculate, while a choice and fragrant flower, symbolical of innocence and grace, adorns his buttonhole; his manners are suave as suave can be, his diction most polite, his avowed morals irreproachable; he often takes a class in a Sunday School, and sometimes mounts the pulpit stairs and there delivers an address of unctuous sanctity. He can be all things to all men, in order that he may entrap some, and thereby further his own selfish and nefarious designs.

Utterly unscrupulous, he seeks his prey wherever he may find it. He is the worst type of a man about town,—a polished swindler, an attractive dancer, an educated liar, a polite villain. He finds himself smiled upon everywhere, and often laughs among his boon companions at the stupidity of his admirers, who are shallow enough to promise him their earthly all in a moment of intoxication induced by himself, after he has carefully studied their weak points and flattered their vanity.

Mephistopheles, subjectively regarded, is that element of selfishness, vanity, or sensuality within our breasts that gives the adventurous libertine in society his opportunity. Mothers with marriageable daughters, you may be seeking Mephistopheles as a son-in-law when you are desirous of seeing your daughters marry well, in a worldly sense. Young men of business, you are courting Mephistopheles whenever you sacrifice principle to policy, and barter your honor for money or the world's applause. The love of money is the root of all evil. The devil is the god of gold; and he or she who loves material things inordinately is a devil worshiper.

How shall we kill this devil? We can not annihilate a single particle of dust, nor can we destroy one iota of the force which pulsates in the forms of men and women, but we can transform, we can transmute, what we can not and should not endeavor to destroy. Transmutation leads to glory. We may take all our lower impulses, and mastering them by the might of spirit, so overcome them in their lower sense, so override their downward tendency, that while in their perverted state they are the occasions of our stumbling,

in their transfigured form they are the faithful servants of the soul divine within us. Asceticism is a mistake. All endeavors to eradicate aught that inheres in the constitution of man must prove disastrous in its consequences, while to find the true philosopher's stone which is capable of converting all inferior metals into gold is to find the soul within us, and so subdue our appetites to reason and our intellects to moral principle, that the devil in us, which is but inverted goodness, will be at length transformed into a glorious angel of light.

Let us all accept our earthly discipline as a means of noblest conquest, and in the understanding of what is meant by the words, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," we can thank God for his goodness in giving us a lower nature to subdue.

The Spirit Side of Life.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, through his medium in St. Paul, Minn.]

MY FRIENDS:—There is a saying among you in earth life that those living in glass houses should be careful and not throw stones at their neighbors. This glass-house thought comes very forcibly to my attention when I return to earth, and find professed Christians tied so closely to sectarian rules that they can see no good in the work of their co-workers for the uplifting of humanity.

There has much good come from all forms of Christian worship among you, and it would be well for you of the new religion of Spiritualism, to accept the truths that have been taught by those who came upon the stage of religious thought before you, and remember always that the law of progression must lead to something better in the future, and when you are preaching the soul-satisfying truths of life beyond the grave, it is also well to remember that you are following in the wake of many religions that have come before, and as you have come after, you are expected to teach a better religion than has been taught by others.

Do not stand in the highway and find fault with those living in glass houses, be they ever so thickly surrounded with erroneous teachings, but set your own light upon a candlestick, and keep it well trimmed and burning, so that a way-faring man, though unconverted, may see that the new religion of Spiritualism shines more brightly than any other. When you have received this truth, keep your face heavenward, and do not turn back to kick down the walls of any other denomination, but let the dead creeds bury their own dead, while you go forward to teach immortality and life beyond the grave.

There was a time, and probably it has not yet passed, when the churches did not grasp the true meaning of the resurrection body, but this new religion of Spiritualism has come to you to teach that there is no mystery about the grave and the resurrection; for instead of there being a time for all the dead to come from the grave to the spirit side of life, that there are no dead to come from the grave, and the resurrection day comes to each and every person at the time when the mortal form is parted with, and the soul enters the beyond to awake without any knowledge of death or the grave.

Go forth and teach this truth, and thereby bring joy and contentment to those who are wandering up and down the land in doubt and sorrow, mourning for loved ones who have passed into the beyond of which they have not learned from teachers of the old creeds. Teach that there is no death, and that the grave is not the abiding place for any soul. This is one of the grand truths that this new religion has brought to humanity, and earth life is too short for you to spend any of it in finding fault with the errors of former religions, but go forth and teach this new truth of the resurrection day, and fear not, because the spirit world has many souls who are co-workers with you in this mission, and mankind are anxious to learn when the day of resurrection will come to them.

Truth is a good motto to hang upon the outer walls of your every day life, and when you have learned the fact of spirit return, why not teach it, so that the mystery that has settled over the grave from false doctrines about death and the general resurrection day may be removed. Do not be satisfied with the doctrines taught hundreds of years ago, but try and grasp the truths of to-day and let the past errors be laid aside. Always remember that it is possible for the present thought to be an outgrowth of the past, and more likely to be nearer the truth.

I would that no one walking in the light of this new religion of Spiritualism should spend any time in tearing down former creeds, or clearing away the rubbish placed in the path of humanity by former religions, but go forth and preach the soul-satisfying truths of this new religion, and open new paths leading more directly to heaven and happiness in the beyond.

This religion of personal responsibility, life beyond the grave, and spirit return, will prove a boon to sorrowing souls, and remove all doubt about the final salvation of all who desire to enter into greater happiness in the beyond than can be secured in earth life.

I find that it is here, as in earth life, that those who do not desire to reform and enter into better conditions, are slow to

do so. My friends, whether you live in glass houses or not, be sure to worship God in spirit and in truth, for as near as I can judge, God is a spirit and so are you. FATHER KENYON.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The mole burrows in the dark earth; the owl
and the bat come forth with the shades of night
to seek their prey;—so the mind, secluded in ig-
norance, and on evil bent, gropes in darkness,
hiding from the light of the spirit that shines for
all. Come forth, O brother man, into the light,
and live to honor thy being—worthy of thy im-
mortal destiny.

To one who has sought the spiritual unfoldment
of his own nature, and come closely in rapport
with the spirit world—who can hold daily com-
munion with his own loved ones in spirit,—he
finds therein, and in the sweet assurance of a
happy time to come when he shall join them in
the Beyond, a joy and satisfaction that he would
not exchange for aught that earth can give.

What is there more beautiful in all of God's
universe than a beautiful soul? An unselfish
soul—a gentle, loving, sympathetic soul—a soul
that is ever seeking the good of others—these are
all beautiful souls,—souls that the shining ones
delight to draw near to—souls that have become
one with the divine soul. We all know such
souls, and we ever find special delight in being
known by them.

A prominent writer in a contemporary spiritual
journal speaks of the "protracted ill health" of
a certain public speaker as a reason for her not
appearing in public. The aforesaid p. w. will
pardon us for suggesting that "ill health" is
really frightful English. There can be nothing
"ill" in or about "health." Health, when
spoken of the body, is a perfect physical condi-
tion. If it were anything less would be illness.
We charge nothing for this lesson.

What would not the mother, bending over her
dying babe, and prayerfully watching the flutter-
ing away of its little life, give to know, in a
very truth, that there were fond arms ready and wait-
ing to enfold it to a loving heart, just over the
line that separates the visible from the invisible,
—and that nightly, perhaps, when separated
from its earthly body, it will be brought to her
own seemingly empty arms, for the strength and
nourishment necessary for its spiritual growth?
What a comfort is this thought to all mothers
who have found the truth.

The very best indication that Spiritualism is
making rapid inroads upon the conservative
thought of the age, and sapping the foundations
of error, is the bitter and ignorant hostility it has
aroused among the crystallized luncheons of old
theology. It is a glorious fact that all preachers
of the Christian gospel are not of this class.
Some of them have the good sense to see that
Spiritualism embraces all that is good in Christi-
anity, in addition to which it furnishes the skepti-
cal world with the positive proof of spirit ex-
istence, that survives the destruction of the
earthly body.

The man or woman who would lend himself to
play the confederate in a fraudulent seance for
spirit communion,—if such there be,—thereby
trifling with the holiest feelings and affections of
poor human nature, must be lost to every sense
of honor and of shame. Can it be possible that
such persons can realize the fearful and terrible
depths into which they are plunging their
wretched spirits! It is not the deceived, but the
deceiver that will suffer; and his sufferings, when
he comes to retrace the way to a better life, as he
must, every inch of it, will call forth pity in the
breast of the worst of sinners.

Fall in for the grand march of ideas! Human-
ity is coming forth from the old, and emerging
into the new. For centuries, man has been
taught to think according to rule—to take his
religion from labelled bottles, put up and sealed
in the misty past by pious but unschooled reli-
gious apothecaries. Just as though he was not a
progressive being, and that what was good for
him in his infancy would be sufficient for him for
all time. He has now reached a period of un-
foldment wherein he must have a reason in and
for his theology, and wherein he is no longer
content with the childish fables and fairy stories,

in the name of religion, that filled the needs of
his infancy. Fall in, then, for the grand march
of truth!

"There is only a thin veil between us," so thin
that many with clear spiritual vision can see
the forms upon the other side; and often the veil
is swept entirely away, and we are permitted to
greet them face to face. A grander truth the
world has never known. Our facts and philoso-
phy demonstrate beyond reasonable question
that "if a man die he shall live again." How
puerile, then, the efforts of the ignorant and
prejudiced to ignore this truth, and cast reproach
upon its believers. The narrow bigots of the
pulpit, who believe in continued existence without
proof, and revile Spiritualists for demonstrating
the fact of spirit existence, ought to hide their
heads for shame.

The fact that many of the brightest minds of
the world—scientists, statesmen, philosophers,
thinkers—men of unquestioned integrity and
purity of life and character,—have, after careful
investigation, affirmed the essential truths and
claims of Spiritualism, is one of the insurmount-
able barriers that not even a Talmage or a Hux-
ley can surmount. All unbiased minds will natu-
rally conclude that the hostility manifested by
these latter named men, and others of their class,
towards phenomenal facts in nature, which they
will usually admit they have never fairly or care-
fully investigated, can have really not the least
influence in settling the question of the existence
of these facts. An angry man may rail at the
fact that is sweeping away his possessions, but
the flood moves right along all the same, and un-
less he has a care for himself, bears him with it.

RECEPTION TO MR. AND MRS. LILLIE.

A few friends were gathered together at the
residence of the editors of this journal on Mon-
day evening last, for the interchanging of social
greetings by a number of our leading workers of
the West with those of the East who are now in our
midst for the first time. The occasion was espe-
cially in honor of that eloquent speaker and
charming lady, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of whom we
had heard such glowing reports of her inspira-
tional powers and true womanliness. Mr. Lillie,
her husband, also contributes largely to the spiri-
tual cause, through his gift of song. Both Mr.
and Mrs. Lillie are cultured and refined, and
through their united efforts the cause of true
Spiritualism will be forwarded wherever they go.
The Camp-Meeting Association are to be con-
gratulated in being so fortunate as to secure their
services.

The evening was delightfully spent with the
mingling of eloquent speech, music, and song.
Mrs. Lillie, in a few well chosen words, expressed
herself as highly pleased with what she had seen
of California, and her delight at being in this
land of beauty and of flowers. The rich melody
of Mr. Lillie's voice was greatly appreciated in
the vocal selection given.

Mr. Colville gave a poem in his best style on
the subjects given him: "A Thing of Beauty is a
Joy Forever," and "The Old Friends and the
New." Mr. Colville was in fine inspiration, and
the poem was a happy combination of poesy and
sentiment, specially adaptable to the occasion.

Miss Emily Peelor of San Jose favored us with
several selections on the piano, rendered in a
most artistic manner. Miss Peelor was highly
appreciated, especially by the musicians present,
who quickly recognized the touch and execution
of an artist.

One of the pleasant events of the evening was
the meeting of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the white-
haired veteran medium, and our old and faith-
ful apostle, Mrs. Ada Foye! It had been nearly
a century since they had last clasped hands.
In those years both of these honored
mediums have seen the cause assailed by foes
without and within its fold; have seen its pre-
tended friends rise and fall, and yet steadily
unmenaced by doubt and fear, they have borne un-
swerving the white banner of Spiritualism. Noble
brother and sister, we are glad to meet you
and to greet you in this land by the western sea.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the far-famed plan-
net test medium was also one of the number.
He is yet young, and though his years in the work
are few, they are full of promise. There were
also present Mrs. Ruffin, of Cincinnati, and
Mrs. Dunklee, of Boston, both of whom are
favorably known to Spiritualists.

The comfort and enjoyment of the guests were
greatly increased by the attentions of Miss Alice
Beigle and Miss Mattie Hughes, who assisted
in receiving. Later in the evening Miss Beigle
also added to the entertainment by presiding at
the piano. She is a daughter of Dr. Nellie
Beigle, that grand soul whose healing powers
are widely known.

Among the others present were: Hon. I. C.
Steele, President of the Camp-Meeting Associa-
tion, Dr. W. W. McKaig, Vice-president, Dr.
and Mrs. Albert Morton, Mrs. Morton-Smith,
Mrs. F. E. Coote, of Melbourne, Australia, Mrs.
Capt. Gorley, of San Rafael, Dr. F. Sage, Mr.
S. B. Clark, Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, Dr. and Mrs.
Henry Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, Mr.
and Mrs. D. N. Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Ellis-
worth, Mr. W. H. Yeaw, Mr. and Mrs. E. H.
Morant, Miss Foye, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, Mrs.
Sara A. Harris, Miss M. (H.) Young, Dr. Nellie
Beigle.

A private reception to a large number of
friends was given by Mr. and Mrs. Morse on
Tuesday evening of last week. The evening was
devoted to recitations, music, short speeches and
general sociability. It was highly enjoyed by all
present.

OPENING DAY AT THE CAMP.

Contrary to our usual climatic excellence at
this season of the year, Sunday last opened with
threatening indications of rain. A light shower
fell in the city just at the time when the pros-
pective attendant at the Camp was preparing for
his departure, and naturally many were thus
"persuaded in their minds" to stay at home and
wait for a more propitious opportunity. The
alarm, however, was by no means general, for,
at the opening hour, the big tent was filled with
an intelligent audience, comprising many whose
faces are not often seen at our meetings.

Mrs. Lillie, the new speaker announced for
the morning lecture, being involved in a delayed
train, had not yet arrived, much to the disap-
pointment of the audience, but Bro. J. J. Morse
willingly supplied her place, and ably and elo-
quently discoursed of Modern Spiritualism.

But first we would speak of the admirable
arrangements for the services—the excellent
music, the beautiful decorations, etc. Nothing
seemed wanting to make the meetings a grand
success, as they will be. At the back of the
platform, and extending the entire length thereof,
the motto, "Life Eternal," wrought in flowers
and evergreens, greets the eye.

Hon. I. C. Steele, President of the State
Camp-Meeting Association, opened the meeting
with an eloquent and thoughtful address of wel-
come, and then followed a song of welcome,
written for the occasion by Eliza A. Pittsinger,
of this city, which was sung to the air of
"Beneath the Land," with Mrs. E. W. Clark at the
piano. It was sung again in the afternoon, and
again in the evening, on the latter occasion by
that grand vocalist, Mr. Lillie, whom the audi-
ence heard for the first time. They were de-
lighted with him and his singing, and immedi-
ately took a mental vote that he would be a
strong attraction of the Camp. Following is
the song as sung:

WELCOME TO OUR CAMP.

We've reached the flowery Camping Ground,
Where all life and joy abound—
Oh, let a new millennial song
In heavenly numbers roll along!

CHORUS—O Golden Morn! Sweet Golden Morn!
We hail thy fair and perfect dawn,
When all the world baptized with light,
Shall be an Eden pure and bright—
And every one shall flee away,
Before the Great Millennial Day.

O friends and comrades, one and all,
We bid ye to the rustic hall!
The Angel bands with love profound
Shall meet us on our Camping Ground!

CHORUS—O Golden Morn, etc.
The truth is old, its ways are new;
The Summer Land is just in view;
'Tis but a span from side to side,
Their barkers are floating o'er the tide!

CHORUS—O Golden Morn, etc.
To all we give the welcome hand
And greeting of the Golden Land;
And by its bright and shining lake
A banquet-feast of love we make!

CHORUS—O Golden Morn, etc.

In the afternoon W. J. Colville occupied the
platform, his subject being the "New Earth and
New Heavens." Of course, his audience was
large and deeply interested, as usual. Mr.
Colville's inspirations are always of a high order.
Mrs. R. S. Lillie, who arrived during the
day, although fatigued from her long journey, took
the rostrum in the evening, and held a very large
and delighted audience for an hour. Her discourses
took the shape of answers to questions, which
we regard as the best method of popular instruction.
She is really a charming speaker,—bright,
instructive, charitable, gentle. Any one with
the least intuition, listening to her, can feel that
she possesses a beautiful spirit, overflowing with
goodness. She is truly a grand and noble worker
in the spiritual vineyard. As her discourse has
been reported for our columns, and will appear
next week, we will not refer to it further now.

At the conclusion of her address Mr. Edgar
W. Emerson, the renowned platform test me-
dium, who has been engaged especially for this
Camp, took the stand, and gave a number of
very interesting tests of spirit presence. Mr.
Emerson is as modest in manner, as he is genuine
and convincing in his mediumship. With him,
as is the case with Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, they
need not to be seen and heard to win their way
at once to the hearts of their audiences.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK IN LOS ANGELES.

W. J. Colville's closing meetings in Los An-
geles proved extremely interesting, and afforded
an opportunity for an expression of heartfelt ap-
preciation of the good accomplished in that city
by his inspired ministrations. Not willing to let
the seed sown without for lack of culture, a com-
pany of earnest, faithful friends have organized
themselves into a permanent society, incorporated
under the laws of the State.

The name chosen by this band of workers is
"Los Angeles College of Spiritual Science," the
object and intent being to establish and conduct
a permanent institution where the principles ad-
vocated in W. J. Colville's classes and elsewhere
can be rendered practically useful to the commu-
nity at large.

It is the sincere wish of the organizers that W.
J. Colville should return to Los Angeles in the
autumn, and take possession of a spacious house
and lecture room, to be devoted entirely to the
general work of spiritual enlightenment. Already
nearly eight hundred dollars have been subscribed
to meet the expenses for the first year.

Mrs. Patrick, 211 West Third street, has been
indefatigable in her exertions to collect pledges
of support. This enterprise is distinct from the
Metaphysical College at 640 South Hill street, at
the dedication of which W. J. Colville officiated
May 31st. The latter institution is now open
for the reception of students and patients.
Classes are conducted by Mrs. Woodford, treat-
ments are given by Mrs. Harper. The house can
be visited at any time, but the best time to call

is on Wednesday afternoons, when exercises of
interest to visitors are always conducted between
2 and 5 o'clock.

The public Sunday meetings in I. O. O. F.
Hall are discontinued for the Summer, but ar-
rangements are being perfected for conference and
other exercises in some convenient place.

BETTER THINGS

England is making some progress in its old age
that is like an increase of common sense. The
House of Commons has passed a bill legalizing
marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Another bill, bearing upon domestic affairs, is
the Homestead Bill, which contains in its provisions
more humane justice than England's poor
ever saw dispensed since the sun first rose on that
royal bit of land. The new measure provides
that when a man becomes a bankrupt, the tools
of his trade, and the necessary wearing apparel
and bedding of himself, wife, and children, to the
value of twenty pounds, shall not be included in
the property divisible among the creditors.

In another bill introduced by a Member of
Parliament from Dundee, this exemption is ex-
tended to the benefit of delinquent tenants, and
all debtors against whose goods execution has
been issued upon a bill of sale, or upon any legal
process whatever. This extended exemption in-
cludes such necessary household furniture and
books as may be required for the convenience of
the daily life and the education of the children,
and applies alike to the occupiers of entire mes-
sages, or any portion of one, or to furnished or
unfurnished lodgings.

The simple suggestion of these measures is a
hopeful sign for England, and if they become
law, the world has read the last harrowing tale
of poverty and debt that will ever be chronicled in
that land. Nations turn not back to their
blunders and crimes, but seek to obliterate their
memory by better deeds and more just and liberal
statutes.

AROUND WE GO.

If anything were wanting to complete the
evidence we have of man's progressing in circles,
it is surely to be found in his desire to go back
—to return to primitive things. Sailing or rid-
ing the high seas in our modern ocean craft, in-
spires some minds with such disgust that they
take to inventing, or rather re-constructing
vessels of uncertain designation no less than
safety. If they float, it is taken for granted
that they can float something besides themselves,
and so cranks become famous by risking their
lives on the water who may be but arrant cowards
on land.

Fifty years ago ignorance compelled men to
construct huge rafts for the transport of timber
across the Atlantic Ocean, while the voyages
were mainly successful, the sufferings endured
from exposure finally caused a rebellion among
seamen, who absolutely refused to so risk their
lives. This refusal doubtless hastened the easy
and safe methods of ocean traffic to-day. But
one Mr. Leary has seen and had enough of
modern improvement in this line, so he goes
back to the timber raft; he is nearly ready to
make his trial ride on the waves from Nova
Scotia to New York.

This is a very good illustration of that tendency
in human nature to shift from one craft of faith-
fulness to another. When progression and maturity
of thought and reflection sets men aloft on the safe
and rational ship of Spiritualism, yet will some
turn back to the cumbersome and stormy raft of or-
thodoxy, very likely to be swamped in the billows
of regret and sorrow.

A NEW WORK ON TEMPERANCE.

Dr. G. H. Stockham, of Oakland, Cal., an
able writer and thinker, has recently published a
volume of 131 pages on that most perplexing
of all hard questions, the traffic in alcoholic
poisons, in which he argues against prohibition,
but in favor of such legal restrictions of the
traffic as he deems most wisely adapted to the
present condition of society.

While the advocates of extreme temperance
measures will not agree with the author in his
conclusions, all will endorse these striking words:
"We urge the importance of cultivating all the
"amenities of life which will directly or in-
"directly encourage an abhorrence of intoxicants."
"No opportunity should be lost of impressing
"upon the tender minds of the young the utter
"beastliness of drunkenness. A child should
"be taught to regard with horror anything that
"could even for a moment rob him of his self-
"control."

We hold that it is the duty of the strong to
protect the weak, even against their own weak-
ness. The wise parent will remove poison from
the reach of his child. So, in our judgment,
should the State remove alcohol from the reach of
those who are unable to use it wisely.

But aside from our own opinion, we must give
Dr. Stockham credit for handling his subject with
consummate skill. We heartily agree with him
when he says: "A man is always cleaner, purer,
"manlier, and more self-possessed, when abso-
"lutely uninfused by spirituous beverages."
The book should be read by all temperance
reformers. They will find therein much food for
reflection. Its price is \$1. It may be had at
this office, or at our tent at the Camp Ground.

PROGRAM.

Following is the program of exercises, at the
Camp during the coming week:

Saturday, June 9, 7:30 P. M., Tests, Edgar W. Emerson.
Sunday, " 10 A. M. P. M., Lecture* W. J. Colville.
" " 2:00 P. M., " I. C. Steele.
" " 7:30 P. M., " Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Tuesday, " 12 7:30 P. M., " W. W. McKaig.
Wednesday, " 12 7:30 P. M., " Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
Thursday, " 11 7:30 P. M., Tests, E. W. Emerson.
Friday, " 10 7:30 P. M., Lecture, J. J. Morse.
At all lectures marked with a (*) Mr. Edgar
W. Emerson will give tests from the platform.

—Bro. J. J. Morse has our thanks for a neat
little souvenir picture of himself, wife, and daughter.

NOT LEARNED IT YET.

The world is said to be very wise, but it seems
ignorant of one simple little thing that is essen-
tial to that reign of peace and harmony all look
forward to with confidence in its coming. It is
this,—that no one shall repeat a tale of calumny.
Its origin no one may know, but he or she who
gives it breath of life by telling it, is equally
guilty, and responsible for the consequence.

It is a sorry thing to say many persons who
pride themselves on their truth and honor as
men and women, and who are duly esteemed for
the same, see no evil in telling the evil they
hear. They do not consider that they might be
the instrument of death to a lie, or, if not a lie,
to something that ought to die, because it can
bring no good to any one, but harm and discord
to many.

No one should encourage even the whitest fibs;
they are but the progeny of downright falsehood,
and grow and flourish by the same means as
their stalwart elders. The size and color of a
fib increases and gets blacker the longer it lives
and travels, and soon comes to present but its
one dark side to those who give it attention;
and however cautious it is handled it is dan-
gerous.

The mission of a lie is to make liars, for all
who repeat it become falsifiers. When all men
and women come to see the true relation they
hold to calumny as a guest beneath their roof,
calumny will begin to languish, and when all
refuse it admittance, it will die of cold and
neglect. Our hearts and homes should be too
full of good to admit evil.

HIS SUCCESSOR.

When Henry Bergh was called from his hu-
mane work in this life, a general regret swept the
country like a wave, and the feeling that the an-
imals had lost a friend and protector whose loss
time could never replace.

This sadness and regret is succeeded by a pleas-
ure almost as great, in the announcement that
the brute creation has still a champion in an-
other Henry Bergh, a nephew of the good man
departed. He succeeds his uncle as President of
the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals, having been connected therewith since
1874, and is said to have many of his uncle's
characteristics.

He is a bachelor as yet, and therefore is pre-
pared to give his undivided attention to the
labors and duties of his office. Being but thirty-
eight years old, it is to be hoped he has a long
time in which to continue the benefits of a cause
so devotedly adhered to by his predecessor.

There is power in a name when associated
with good works, and we doubt whether a suc-
cessor by another name could give the same con-
fidence and assurance of future success and pros-
perity to the Society, as Henry Bergh. There
are two Henry Berghs working in different
spheres, but for the same end—the softening of
man's heart, and the quickening of his conscience,
that he may perceive and feel those injuries in-
flicted upon creatures that can not speak their
wrongs. If this is ever fully accomplished, man
will be better to his own kind.

IN ADVANCE OF US.

Once-conservative Italy is at present in some
respects a little ahead of us. Rome, as the cap-
ital city, is doing a work in these modern times
that is in strong contrast with the bigoted spirit
that animated her some hundreds of years ago.

Government is giving special attention to the
interests of education, it now being compulsory.
Italy, like most other parts of the civilized
world, has arrived at a knowledge of the fact
that it pays to educate "our girls." So, in that
country, where they have hitherto been denied
the privilege, and no less the ability, to learn,
they are now given special opportunities for mak-
ing the most of their mental endowments.

What is singular is the fact that, while we
are crying out against a surplus of teachers, Italy
is actually offering a premium for them, and in this
wise: After a term of service of fifteen years,
teachers are retired on a pension of two-thirds
the salary they were receiving.

How is it with us? The teacher must provide
against the "rainy day," as she goes along, and
the salary, when it does not go to the assistance
of brothers, sisters, parents, or a husband and
one's own family, is generally large enough from
which to save something. But it too often hap-
pens that our teachers do not or can not lay by
anything for that time when their labor must
cease, and hence, when it comes, is frequently a
sorry one.

We believe Italy is the first country to set the
teacher-pension example, and surely it is one
worthy to be imitated by other countries that
claim to be more independent and progressive.

MEDIUMS IN CAMP.

The following mediums, most of whom are
well known on this Coast, have tents at the
Camp ground:

Mrs. K. Kohn, trance test.
Dr. Schlesinger, trance and ballist test.
Mrs. M. Miller, trance test and developing
medium.

Madame De Roth, trance test.
Mrs. E. R. Herbert, trance test.

Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, trance test.
Mrs. G. W. Eppler, trance test.

Mrs. M. E. Ayers, healing.
Mrs. S. Seip, psychometrist.

Wm. H. King, magnetic healing.
Mrs. Wm. H. King, trance test.

Wm. R. Colby, independent slate-writer.]
Miss Ida May Colby, platform test.

Mrs. M. J. Brown, magnetic healer.
Mrs. Jennie Warren, trance test.

Mrs. Egbert-Aiken, trance test.
Mrs. Geo. Chainey, psychometrist.

Mrs. M. A. Upham, trance test.
Mrs. S. Cowell, trance test.

Mrs. and Mrs. M. W. Evans, magnetic healers.
Dr. James V. Mansfield, spirit postmaster.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The evening meetings at the Camp during the week have been very largely attended. Everybody is delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, and Mr. Edgar W. Emerson. The tests given by Mr. Emerson from the platform are simply marvelous.

—Elsie Reynolds, the wonderful materializing medium, has opened large and elegant parlors at 845 Mission street. Those wishing to witness the marvelous manifestations that occur through her powers can do so by calling Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings.

—We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Ada Pettibone, wife of the slate-writing medium, who has been very seriously ill for some time past, has so far recovered as to be able to give her services again as an instrument for the spirit world. Her card, together with her husband's, appears in this week's issue of the G. G.

—We are pleased to see those grand mediums, our old San Jose friends (of San Diego), Dr. and Mrs. Wm. H. King, nicely settled in Camp. They have come a long distance to enjoy the delights of this season of refreshing spiritual growth, and also to be ready to do any work their noble spirit guides may require of them.

—John Slater, the platform test medium, whose wonderful powers of the best and most intelligent people of this Coast have witnessed and tested, returned from the East last week, and appeared before a large audience at Odd Fellows' Hall on Sunday evening. His rooms for private sittings are at 400 Geary street, and his hours from 10 to 10 p.

—The grand old Century magazine is especially interesting just now because of its series of illustrated papers on the Siberian exile system. The sending of a correspondent and artist to the remote regions of Siberia, to lay bare Russia's penal horrors, was an undertaking of stupendous magnitude, but one which the Century people will no doubt find profitable.

—Next Wednesday evening the Spiritual Union Society, 111 Larkin street, offers a rare treat to its audience, having secured the services of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, "the spirit postmaster," one of the oldest and best known mediums in the public to-day, to occupy their platform for that evening. All are invited. Doors open free to all. Lecture to begin at 8 o'clock sharp.

—We commend all who are suffering from the ills of the flesh to the tender and watchful care of Dr. Nellie Beigle. In the olden times her cures and helps of the afflicted would have been termed miracles. Her office is in Murphy's Building, Market street, room 54. There is no nobler representative of the benign power of the spirit in our ranks to-day than the little Doctor.

—W. J. Colville will conduct a special class in spiritual science at 106 McAllister street, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 A. M., three weeks (six lessons), commencing June 12th. Terms, \$1.25. Tickets to be obtained of W. J. Colville, or at the College. No single admissions granted, as the six lessons are so consecutive as to render it essential that those who listen to one should hear all. Questions will be answered on each occasion.

W. J. Colville's greeting at Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, June 2d, was worthy the place and the speaker. The beautiful hall was exquisitely adorned with flowers and evergreens. A delightful program of exercises was carried out, and everyone seemed to heartily enjoy the evening. At the same place this evening, June 9th, a very important meeting of the Theosophical Research Society will take place at 745 P. M. All members are earnestly requested to attend.

—The Union Spiritual Society, at St. Andrew's Hall, was highly entertained last Wednesday evening by Dr. J. V. Mansfield, one of the oldest and ablest mediums in the field, giving a little of his remarkable experience of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Every one who listened was not only interested, but was more inclined to believe "without seeing," for who indeed could doubt the word of such a man. We hope the Doctor may sojourn many months among us. Wherever the tide carries him away, he will remember that an ocean of love and good will, will bring him back to us in memory always.

CHARITY AND MODESTY.

It is said that an unknown donor has given six thousand dollars, together with interest for one year (three hundred dollars), for the establishment of a fund at Harvard College, the income of which is to be devoted to a prize scholarship for the Harvard examination of women. The "unknown" is doubtless a man, and of near kind, in observation, understanding, and good sense, to Anthony Chabot, of Oakland, of whom it is recorded that while he endowed many charities, refused to establish a home for indigent old men, for the given reason that he believed a man generally owed his indigence to laziness or bad habits. But for women and children he enriched many charities.

In this opinion of his sex Mr. Chabot was eccentric, and it is perhaps well that he stands pretty much alone in his belief. Men are better friends to each other than women; they will make greater effort to screen a brother's faults and failings, do more and go to greater lengths to reclaim him from wrong ways, than will women their sister women. Yet, among the latter, there are as strong exceptions as Anthony Chabot, but who take an opposite view of their erring sisters, and never lose faith in the spark of good that glows eternal in the human heart. These are men and women who are weak ever surrounded by the strength of others, given in charity and faith, in the ultimate supremacy of their better selves.

The rising men and women who are struggling to fit themselves for usefulness to their kind, are assisted in doing so by the generous, whose minds and hearts are ever in the right cause, though their names are seldom in print.

Our Cause in San Diego.—Marvelous Phenomena.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Our Cause, by which is meant Spiritualism, was never more prosperous than now. The secular press—notably the *Daily Bee*, which is the leading daily of the city—is in a marked degree respectful as compared with the past. In a recent editorial the *Bee* said:

"Spiritualism has been loaded down by mountebanks and empirics, yet it not only holds its own, but is doing much more; it is gaining ground and adding converts daily. It is the most beautiful theory that has ever come to the world," etc.

In another issue, the same paper gave, editorially, a full and elegant notice of the coming Camp-Meeting at Oakland. In a subsequent issue it said:

"An unusual amount of interest is manifested in the electro-biological lectures now being given at the M. B. Church on Third street by Dr. F. B. Taylor. The church is crowded to hear these lectures by intelligent men and women, anxious to know more of these strange and wonderful things," etc., etc.

The Spiritualists now control this large and pleasant audience room on Sundays and Wednesdays of each week. A lecture meets at 10 A. M. The meetings for questions and answers meet at 2 P. M., and are largely attended and of deep interest. At 7:30, Dr. Taylor lectures under the influence to audiences that crowd for standing-room. At the same hour, three public circles or seances are held, at which there are from thirty to forty persons present in each seance, besides several private seances. So you may judge that the spiritual cauldron boils constantly.

Dr. Taylor is giving a series of scientific and religio-philosophical lectures under the management of a large committee of ladies and gentlemen, of which Mr. Zeigenfuss, editor-in-chief of the *Bee*, is chairman. He gives three each week for four weeks. The subjects are chosen by the committee, and announced to the audience after the Doctor goes under influence the lecture begins. Concerning the lecture last Sunday night, the *Daily Sun*, in a neat report, said:

"The test lecture last evening at the Church was largely attended. Dr. Taylor, who placed himself in the electro-biological state, replied to the question chosen by the committee in a very entertaining manner. The audience appeared both interested and astonished," etc.

The *Bee* said: "A large audience greeted Dr. Taylor at the M. B. Church last night, and the Doctor proved himself to be a wonderful subject for electro-biological influence, etc."

We have a host of mediums here now, among which are some of the best in the world, (though nearly all of them have been well abused by the ignorant and vile) among whom may be mentioned a little miss nine years old rescued from the "Queen of the Pacific,"—a marvelous child, a test and materializing medium. In her seances, under absolute test conditions, great, stalwart, spirit men and women emerge from the cabinet by twos, threes, and even as high as six at one and the same time. Just think of it!

Among the less demonstrative are Mrs. Wilson, mental healer, Mrs. Shodor, Mrs. Dr. Taylor, Mrs. Sweeting, Mr. and Mrs. King, Dr. Bailey, and many other successful magnetic healers,—all of whom are doing good work.

In a crowded house last Sunday, Mrs. Reynolds gave one of the most wonderful tests that could be given. A short time ago a stranger came to this city from Texas. Mrs. Reynolds, under a powerful influence, said: "There is a man here who calls himself Texas Charley; says he was killed—stabbed to death—by a man now in this audience. Tell him that Texas Charley wishes him to acknowledge it as a test," etc.

The audience laughed, and Dr. Taylor remonstrated, and said—"It was a delicate and even an unreasonable thing, and one that the law itself protects a man against—criminating himself," etc. "But," said the medium, "Texas Charley says it is all right. 'It was a fair fight; he was the better man of the two, and I went down. The Court acquitted him, and I claim now that he shall acknowledge this test. It will help him and me both,'" etc. But no one arose. Mrs. Reynolds said, "I shall be compelled to point you out if you do not acknowledge it, for Texas Charley has got hold of me and I can't resist."

We held our breath. Presently she started down the center aisle, got half way to the door and stopped. Turning around, she returned to the platform and took a fresh start. This time she went down the left aisle, till within twelve feet of door, and stopped; turned to a man sitting to her left, and said to him, "You are the man that killed Texas Charley!"

With great agitation the man said, "Yes, everybody in Texas knows that I killed Charley, but how in the devil did you find it out?" The house roared, cheered, and clapped, while Mrs. Reynolds walked back to the platform as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

This same man has been to a number of Mrs. Reynolds' materialistic seances, first to jeer and scoff, but later to exclaim with uplifted hands, "My God! what does this mean?" It was then, most likely, that he saw Texas Charley with a dark wound in his side. When Jesus materialized, he

too showed a spear wound in his side. The same law obtains to-day.

Wishing the GOLDEN GATE all prosperity, farewell. BOLIVAR. SAN DIEGO, May 29, 1888.

A Correspondent Endorsed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you give me space in your columns to express my gratitude to Frederick Whitaker for the heroic stand taken in his article, printed in your issue of May 19th, in regard to Mrs. Hellen Fairchild. No one in our ranks has been so terribly maligned by Spiritualists, as well as skeptics, as this wonderful medium.

It was my privilege to attend one of her seances, in Boston, in 1884. I then found that she stood alone in her peculiar phase, and without a rival. I am also obliged to admit, as unsavory as the fact is, that what he has said of the jealousy of mediums toward each other is a living reality. Let us hope that as the broader light of spiritual unfoldment advances, this may come to be among the things "that were and are not."

As a Californian, I also wish to thank the gentleman for his graceful compliment paid to the Spiritualists of this State. We accept it, however, with a marked proviso; for alas! do we quite deserve it? I assure Mr. Whitaker that we have the same element here to contend with, if not in so marked a degree. We who are working in the van of this cause, know how these fraud-loving expositors hover around to ply their nefarious trade. And here on the Pacific Coast, where we have some of the best manifestations of spirit power, we have also had the most cruel treatment of our unconscious instruments.

Give us your hand, and shake with us across the continent, good brother, for what we want more than all is courage to speak; and also to be sure that our "trumpet" gives out no uncertain sound. We also have need to encourage one another; hence, I send this greeting.

For we are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time,

When no half-way measures will stand the test amid the whirlpool of contending factions. Greater than an army with banners, are the mighty principles arraying themselves before the human mind at the present time.

In the southern part of the State, where at present my lot is cast, we have the same element to contend with—the fault-finding, narrow and conservative faction, whose work it is to block the wheels of progress. "Enemies to the right of us, enemies to the left of us," and yet we admit that there is a broader sense of freedom in this western world. But radicals everywhere must rally and search deep, for the cause lies on the spirit side of life, and when found, move as never before, on the enemy's works. For we, like the fabled Moses, have been wandering forty years in the wilderness of doubt, fear and uncertainty, with the promised land in full view.

I have long seen that we can not put this new wine into old bottles. No, no; away with superstition, cant and hypocrisy; this catering to worn out dogmas. Let us move on, bearing aloft the banner, not of faith but of eternal fact, making no compromise with old and effete methods that have fostered ignorance and made cowards of us all.

Let agitation come, who fears? We have a flood, the fifth of years. We need ground now, roll them on, What can not stand had best be gone.

Ever yours for truth,
MRS. E. P. THORNDYKE.
SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., May 25, 1888.

Metaphysical Reception.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Please announce a meeting at 106 McAllister street—a metaphysical reception given by Mrs. Josephine R. Wilson and her pupils—to all friends of the subject, especially teachers and healers. A program of exercises will be given by the various minds of many active workers, and a good time is anticipated. All are welcome. Monday, June 11th, at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. J. R. WILSON.

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA, I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye, or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. 4P14-6m

WANTED—A SPIRITUALIST (ARTIST) WISHES a lady to room or board with her in Oakland. Address, Mrs. Adie S. Gillum, 1131 East Fourteenth street, near Twenty-third Avenue, 330-A Station, Oakland.

A Spreading Faith.

[Oakland Times, May 27th.]

There are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. There are people who have a deep and abiding sense that the article of death does not mark the end of all things to the life that then to duller sense ceases when the warm humanity becomes cold clay. There are those who have a fervent belief that beyond and above this life there is another and a higher one. They know that their friends who have left them have not given over their interest in the worldly welfare of those left behind. They feel their delicate influences daily at work controlling, advising, and guiding their every action. It is a cheerful faith, this belief in spirit communication.

There are others who cloak themselves under the name of Spiritualism, who bubble their trusting neighbors, who play upon credulity, who prey upon hearts quivering with poignant sorrow and add a more sombre hue to agony. With these we have nothing to do, they are not Spiritualists, they are but the low camp-followers of Spiritualism, and none are better pleased to see such fall into the power of the law than the gentle believers whose name they assume and whose fame they flinch.

This city is filled with Spiritualists. There are many who are proud to confess their faith; there are others who believe none the less sincerely because they make no open profession. The spread of the faith in this community is enormous. Mrs. Foye's seances a few weeks ago gave some hint as to the numbers interested in the subject. The Camp-Meeting will do more.

One week from to-day this Camp-Meeting will open, and the eastern shore of Lake Merritt will be dotted with the white tents of the sojourners. For a month they will live in tents and will continue together. From all over the State visitors will come, and our own citizens will certainly not be backward in their interest, if one may judge by the experience of former years.

In Memoriam.

W. M. Hughes, of Shibley's Point, Mo., passed to the higher life on the 5th of April, 1888, aged 44 years, 3 months and 30 days.

Mr. Hughes was an honest toiler among the world's workers, carrying on farming and blacksmithing, and the clear ring of his hammer on the glowing steel was a fitting type of the sterling qualities of his character, that won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. In his family he was a kind and loving husband and father, ever ready to do all in his power to please his wife and children, making their happiness and welfare his chief joy. In religion he was an ardent Spiritualist, having been convinced of the facts of the spiritual philosophy through the spiritual gifts of his little daughter, who was a very bright and loving child, in whose innocent heart there could be no guile. This child, besides having passed to spirit life three years ago, was a able, at times, to make her presence known to the father, and during his last illness and with comforting words, and his face lit up with joy even when the angel came to guide him to the better land. Though the silver hair of the spirit guide to his home on high, the sorrowing ones have the fullest assurance that knowledge can give, that the family circle, broken by the angel that takes them one by one, will again be united, and remain unbroken and complete throughout the glorious cycles of an immortal life. May such knowledge drive away all the clouds of ignorance from a world wide humanity, until all shall rejoice in the light of God's living truth that is ever flowing downward for the enlightenment of his earthly children.

Out of the clay of earthly friends
To the angels' greeting word and kiss;
Out of the toils a father sends
To an eternity of bliss.
Out of the trying scenes of earth
That test the soul's unmeasured power,
Out of its home of glorious birth,
To its full heritage and power.
Out of the mist that here enfold
The earthly form of changeful clay,
In the light and joy untold
That await the spirit in endless day.
—FRANK SWERT.

Married.

At Harmony Villa, Long Beach, May 2d, Mr. C. B. Pettis and Mrs. Sarah Haulbeck.

After the ceremony, the contracting parties returned to Los Angeles, where they will make their future home. May it prove a happy one.

SUE M. JOHNSON.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are suffering from colic, or when the little sufferer at once; it produces natural quiet, sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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junp-f

PUBLICATIONS.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT

Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, every Sunday, at 11 A. M.

J. J. Morse, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will answer questions in the trance state, and will lecture to the evening. Children's Lyceum at 7:30 P. M. All services free.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA.—

There will be circles for the investigation of spirit phenomena and development of mediums at 316 Tenth street, Oakland, every Sunday evening, at 7:30 and Sunday afternoon, at 2:30. Pupils may be psychological, the quickest way of development. Admission, 25 cents.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS

meet Sunday at 7 P. M., Washington Hall, 33 Eddy st. All are invited. Admission free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is removed to 841 Market street, "Quarrier Dore." Office, which is open every day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; also, Saturday evenings.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WED-

nesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION

of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Perilla streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RE-

search meets regularly every Saturday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETHERS.

Mrs. E. R. Dyer-Clough, the lady I have often designated as the priestess of the new spiritual temple of this city, passed to the other life on Friday morning. She had her funeral services to-day, Sunday, the 19th, at her residence, No. 170 West Chester Park. She has been in poor health for some months, and a sojourn in the genial climate of Florida did not restore health, and she came home and survived but a few weeks. Her mind was clear to the last, she knowing well where she was going, and made arrangements accordingly. She was a wealthy lady, of high social position, and one of the best trance mediums and speakers that I have ever met. She seemed to have been sent to the temple movement as an important factor in its dynamics, and did most of the speaking there for two years, and proved a very valuable acquisition, making no charge for her valuable services, and otherwise very generous to the movement, and seemed to be as much a power there as Mr. Ayer himself. She seemed to be influenced by ancient spirits and had re-incarnation ideas. Dr. Caswell, the temple medium, officiated at the services, spoke of her ability and gifts and the perfection and benevolence of her character, he being entranced by the spirit that had controlled the lady during her life on earth, saying, "Though now invisible to mortal eyes, she would still be a worker, and the temple movement would still have her best endeavors."

One of her last public discourses purported to be from Henry Ward Beecher, which was printed in some of the spiritual papers, and another late one, printed in full, in two or three spiritual papers, was by Mrs. Fanny Conant, who was so long the *Banner of Light* medium. As I knew that lady well, I can truly say it had the internal evidence of being her intelligence dictating it more so than usual in post mortem utterances. The *Banner*, commenting on it, said: "We have been told by the lady herself that she did not influence the speaker, and was not present on the occasion." I think it was rather a hard remark to make on so distinguished a person as Mrs. Clough, as the "herself" may have been a wandering spirit that needed criticism. I can only say it expressed ideas that were very much like Mrs. Conant's. And as the departed priestess felt the *Banner's* criticism, and as she seems to be still a power, according to the spirit who spoke through Dr. Caswell, we may hear from her on the point.

I was glad to read a long editorial in the *Better Way*, on "Raids Upon Mediums," having particular reference to those in this city, which was just to the point, and sensibly stated. Why, my good friend, George A. Bacon, of Washington, writes me, asking, "What is the matter with the mediums? and asks if Mrs. Cowan is not another Bennet affair?" showing that even intelligent Spiritualists think the secular paper statements of the results of raids were based on truth, when the fact is, they were lies from "a to i zard." The only truth in the printed reports of raids and exposures of the Cowans, the Barrys, the Rosses, the Fairchilds and the Blisses, is the bare fact of a disturbance; all else is supposition and garb.

In no single instance has there been a fraud exposed or discovered, not a rag of torgery been taken from these mediums or their cabinets, that there was not tolerably good evidence was brought there by some of the raiders—in some cases proved to be so. There is not a single case proved to be so. There is not a single case proved to be so. There is not a single case proved to be so.

There were three columns in the Boston *Herald*, sensationally headed, giving a garbled account of the raids on the mediums, as a setting for a half a column, about the exposure of Mrs. Cowan, and wholly untrue. The *Herald* itself admits it, by printing Dr. Whitney's statement, wherein he mentions that three policemen (naming them), who saw it all, and staid until the house was cleared, severely said to him, there was not a confederate found, nor a spirit grabbed that staid grabbed, and the medium was found alone in the cabinet, thus contradicting the whole printed statement. Dr. Whitney is a very reliable man, and if he was not, it would make no difference, as the parties do not contradict him.

I can not get everything into a "fragment," but puncture the reports of the raids on Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Fairchild, the Barrys, Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Bliss, and they collapse into fictions, and every one of those ladies is more reputable, more respectable and more reliable, than some of the raiders, and stands higher in those respects than the average of the raiding parties do.

In the statements of these raids Mrs. Fairchild's name is always mentioned. It was my defense of her that caused the feud between this writer and the editor of the *Banner*, the said writer's motto being "Truth before friendship." The only time she was ever raided in this city I was present with open eyes, and have several times stated in print that the reports were false, and her mediumship proved to be genuine on that occasion. She was raised

in St. Louis, but there was no exposure, and I got a letter signed by a majority of the people present. Some of them I know personally, who are reliable people, and they contradicted the report, and some of them were confident they saw the grabber take the torgery out of his own pocket that he said he took from the spirit which escaped him; but I am not writing this to defend Mrs. Fairchild, but to say she is now pleasantly situated in New York, giving remarkable seances with great satisfaction. Prof. Kiddie, Judge Cross, Mr. Whitaker, and other well known Spiritualists, have been present, and unhesitatingly endorse her. It is really gratifying to see such an abused woman coming out bright, as I always knew she would. Give her a fair chance, which she did not have in this city, but no one who has been at the test seances that I have can have any question about her mediumship.

I feel that I ought to say a word about a sensation here that is attracting some attention among a few people—generally those who are not favorable to the phase of materialization—and that is the public display of "torgery" taken from the seances of the Boston mediums. The manager of this "torgery show" is one Curtis, who seems to be one of the leaders of the raiders. He sometimes hires the parties to do the dirty work, as he did at the Cowans, appearing there late, after the disturbance, and under cover of the police when they broke into the seance room. The papers made a great parade in mentioning these "torgery shows," and Mr. Curtis has given many exhibitions. These wigs, whiskers, veils, laces, garments, and other things are all marked or labelled with the names of the mediums from whose seances they were obtained.

As I have said, there is no proof that any of this "torgery" was taken or found as stated. It is simply the statement of untruthful people, and when it is positively known that some of it was not obtained in the way stated, and that some was carried there by some of the raiders, and from the low character of some of the people in the movement, all these ladies should be exonerated. And this "torgery show" will be proved below par, as to reliability, by what I will say in this fragment.

On a late occasion, when some dozen or more persons were present on invitation, at Mr. Curtis' rooms, to see this show, Mrs. Ross was among them incognito. He made his display, opening box after box, where the articles were exhibited with the names attached. Some funny things were said, and much that was ludicrous, and this Curtis was in high feather.

Mrs. Ross felt queerly when a box was opened, and "torgery" displayed, with her name attached, which she had never seen, was none of hers, and, if taken in one of the raids on her, it must have been brought there by some of the raiders; and I have not the shadow of doubt that such was the case from what I know of some of the parties. "Now," said Mr. Curtis, "here is a garment that I took off of Mrs. Ross's son with my own hands."

At this Mrs. Ross could not contain herself, removed her veil, and said, "Did you say you took that off of my son? Mr. Curtis replied, 'Yes, I did, with my own hands.' 'You state,' said Mrs. Ross, 'what is absolutely false, and you know it is false. Did you ever see my son? Do you know he is deformed?' I need not prolong this colloquy.

I was so palpably self-evident to everyone present, as well as to him, that there was a "slight" mistake in his positive statement, that he said he guessed he was mistaken—somebody must have told him, and he would take off the Ross label and say it was taken from some cabinet without being definite. I could mention a few other discrepancies.

I have read a letter over his own signature, where he takes back a positive statement, but I have said enough to take all the snap out of his "torgery show." It is astonishing what barbed statements people will make to gain false points. I think it is about time fair minded people come to the rescue of these mediums, and those Spiritualists who join with and approve of these raiding acts are unworthy of the name.

Boston, May 23, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What is It?

What is it that inspires the heart and soul of mankind with love? Whence those gems of beautiful thoughts and tender feelings that foster and bud forth from the mind of man—those new-born ideals and passions—that fill our souls with new-born day? What is the score of these divine inspirations? Is love a kind of intangible subtle force that pervades the whole universe? Is spirit and love one and the same thing evolved out of nature, and the highest expression thereof? Does spirit and nature hold the same as a similar relationship to each other, as the positive and negative elements in the human family? Can this problem be solved? J. M.

NANAIMO, B. C.

Every act, every impulse of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power and vigor, and harmony of invention, at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible.—Ruskin.

Distracted by Salvationists.

New York Herald.

A telegram from Atlanta, Ga., May 16, says: "The Salvation Army is playing havoc with family circles in Atlanta, and no end of divorce suits among respectable people have grown out of its presence here. Numbers of petitions have been sent to the chief of police and to the mayor, and even to the governor, to force the army out of town, but all to no effect, and the Salvationists march the streets nightly. Mr. W. S. Withers, a prominent business man who owned large iron works in the city, has become so infuriated with the army, that he has quit business entirely, having put out the fires in his furnace and closed his shops. He has been the chief support of the army, having paid the rent of the halls and fed the soldiers. He has gone to Brooklyn, it is said, to confer with the army leaders, and he hopes to transplant Colonel Light, who has entire charge of the army in the South. His family, who move in Atlanta's best society circles, are utterly prostrated, and his wife has implored Gov. Gordon to interfere in some way in her behalf. Great mobs follow the army every night, and riots are constantly looked for."

One of our western revivalists requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats, a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, and explained that he was the editor, and could not pay because the rest of the congregation was owing him their subscriptions.

The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.

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Man Wants but Little.

I trust I am content
With what kind fate may grant me, more or less,
It is enough to own a desert tent
Out in the wilderness.

But still a brown stone front
Would add a dignity and ease to life,
And help me well to bear the battle's brunt—
Me and my wife.

A coat of skin will wear
As well as broadcloth and no wind pierce thro'
Some plain, coarse fabric made of camel's hair
Or sealskin new.

Plain food, a simple roast
Is good as costly dainties and more wise—
Some plain, plebeian fare, like quail-on-toast,
Or mushroom pies.

No blooded horse to trot
I wish to own to make the vulgar stare,
I only want to have a private yacht
In good repair.

I wish to be no heir
To vast ancestral acres—land is cheap,
If I could own a railroad here and there,
I would not weep.

At gain and gold I mock,
Gold is but dress for miners old and fond—
I much prefer good Western Union stock,
Or government bond.

I wish no pride of birth—
The noblest lines trace back to Adam's fall;
My dear, kind friends, I only want the earth,
And that is all.

The Journey.

It is many a year since in sunny weather
We started, nor care if the way were long!
There were Youth, Health, Love and myself together
We sang, and our voices were clear and strong.

What joy was in the beautiful weather!
How flowery the way that our path lay through!
How we laughed in the glades we shared together
How green were the fields and the sky how blue!

If the sky grew gray, in the rainy weather,
Why, a dull gray sky could do us no harm;
For if child winds blew, we were still together,
Close, close together, and so kept warm.

But alas, one day (it was autumn weather),
Youth departed, and his face was wan and white,
"We can journey no more," he cried, "together";
But he smiled and waved till we passed from sight.

Health faltered next (ah, bad was the weather),
"I will join you," he said, "in a little while";
So Love and I walked onward together,
With backward glances for many a mile.

We have gone on since in all kinds of weather,
We have waited for Health at each stopping place,
And we sought in vain, though we sought together,
For Youth, who left us with wan white face.

But I have not missed them nor minded the weather,
Nor cared if I failed in every quest;
For Love and I made the journey together,
Love never left me; what mattered the rest!

—BESSIE CHANDLER, in "Harper's Bazar."

In Love's Eclipse.

When death—the dreadful shadow of the earth—
Rests on the mortal face of Love's twin star,
Love turns dismayed, as if that shadowy bar,
Could shut him off from his dear life to part.

He turns within, and lo! a new, new birth,
A spark of light from a new, new star,
Pierces the darkness till, a fiery car,
It lifts him into light love wonder-world.

Sad love! I bewail not tho' you be bereft,
Nor faint nor for the weary road you fare;
The spark unkindled when your heart is cleft,
The strength that grows from burdens that you bear.

Are gifts of grace for many that were left,
Undowered, but for treasure you must share.
O ye elect of sorrow and of love,
Who bear for others' weal a double strain,
And share the surplus of love's costly gain,
With hearts his presence doth more feebly move,
Count not your grief's excess too far above
The worth of those you serve, nor all disdain
The lesser pressure of the barren pain.

The light of love in love's surmise may prove,
Fits the poor who are by God's decree
Your pensioners, and far not for your part,
To harbor love, how dear so be to be.

O love that cometh, love that may depart,
The gates of love are set so wide by thee!
The lord of Love can enter where thou art.
—"London Spectator."

Recompense.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day
By Truth's own hand is driven,
God never takes one thing away
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years
This law of love and kindness;
But without hope through bitter tears
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret
For some departed treasure,
My ad repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so—
But time this truth has taught me;
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,
And now with faith unshaken,
In patience I but live my time,
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow
May for one moment madden me;
Still back of it waits Love, I know,
With some new gift to crown me.

The Furrowed Face.

You speak of your dimpled darlings,
And I own it is nice to feel
The little arms around your neck,
While a kiss from your lips they steal.

I own in their childish prattle
There is something one can't explain;
It soothes like the old-time patter
On the roof of the falling rain.

There is none who loves more fondly
The darling with dimpled cheek,
Still, in wrinkles there's a language
That the dimples must learn to speak.

I look on the form that's benighted,
On the face plowed deep by care,
And gather a life-long lesson
From the truth that's written there.

In the dimpled face there's pleasure,
And I joy in its childish gleam,
But the face that time has furrowed
Will forever seem beat to me.

—J. M. HILL.

Letter from Gen. Edwards.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As you intimated a few months ago, an attack on Spiritualism and Spiritualists was contemplated all along the line has been realized. It turns out to have been instigated by some orthodox divines, mostly composed of the Calvinistic school of belief, chief of whom was that sensational and erratic preacher, T. De Witt Talmage, who had secured certain of the secular press to co-operate with him in the general charge.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, we have learned Chief Talmage fired a boomerang, which kicked back, to his very great discomfort. If Chief Talmage had been guided by the same rule of truth as governed the great chief of "hatchet" fame, he might have reaped laurels; but his charges were so replete with untruthfulness that the general public laid no weight upon anything he advanced against Spiritualism.

Talmage's inordinate vanity to wear Beecher's mantle, and to be the big preacher of Brooklyn, has fallen flat, for the reason Beecher possessed brains and depth, while Talmage has only exhibited imagination and wind. Last Summer he held one of his drill practices, standing on one of the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence river. He assumed the role of St. John of Patmos, and taking for his text the "Twelve Pearly Gates," of course his fruitful imagination had full sweep, with his telescopic vision, as he beheld God's foreordained, predestinated and elected saints, comprising a small minority of the human family, pass through the gates into the New Jerusalem, with streets paved with gold, and the walls of the houses studded with precious jewels. While the elected were engaged in singing ever more the same old song of Moses and the Lamb, Talmage became somewhat crestfallen when he remembered that Swedenborg did not behold Talmage's prototype, John Calvin, in heaven, but only down in hell, for having caused the murder of Michael Servetus for a difference of opinion.

Well, Talmage, in his enraptured vision, passed his elected few through the gates into the eternal city, and after watching for a long time with steady gaze, he did not observe a single saint pass through the gates to the outside. That fact was conclusive to Talmage, that the good people who have passed on never return to earth again. Having severed the magnetic chord of a mother's undying love for her child, he now leaves them to be pelted through the stormy blast of earth-life by the reprobated damned, and here gets the spiritual philosophy into a nut shell. It is demoniacal spirits at work.

Spiritualists who have had the light to shine into their hearts by indubitable evidence vouchsafed by Modern Spiritualism, have great reason to be grateful to our Heavenly Father that we are born under the New Dispensation, wherein now we walk by knowledge, and no longer have to grope our way by a blind speculative faith.

If Talmage had possessed the tact and wisdom of Beecher, he would not have confessed the fact of the rapid spread of Spiritualism he was directing his philippic against, and it was a piece of downright meanness that his fiasco revealed the fact that Spiritualism had permeated his own congregation, and displaying mediums even who became entranced, and dispensing through the phenomena these heaven-born messages of love.

It would appear Talmage desired to control that business, and a still meaner thing was for one of his leading elders, a notorious medium himself, to be the first one to congratulate Talmage over his assault of mediums. Poor coward! worthy to be recorded in the same connection with Peter, who, on the night he was warming his shins by the fire, and the young lady remarked, "He was one of them," but poor, cowardly Peter knew Him not.

Spiritualists know they are cursed by frauds, and are anxious to weed them out, and did so before this fight commenced. The New York World, one of the papers, in order to create a sensation of its own while the fight was going on, sent out a hired reporter, at good pay, to discover a "mare's nest," and he pounced upon Dr. Slade, a well established medium, and no one present but the reporter and Slade, he dishes up a two-column article of the most trashy stuff by a man who knows as much about the laws of mediumship as a donkey does of newspaper reporting. It is to be observed the newspapers that have cried fraud the most were for pay, advertising the Louisiana Lottery, and book making at the houses, the two of the worst species of gambling, that has ruined more young men, and wrecked more families than any other vices.

We prefer to throw the veil of charity over the fraudulent, hypocritical practices, as well as suicides and insane, that could be designated in the rank and file of Christianity, and we rejoice to know that a better time is coming for all such, when in spirit life they will come within the law of unfolding progress.

The fight going on is between the angelic host on the one side, and the infidel, bigoted, conceited mortals on the other. In the sweet by and by we will find out who have come off conquerors. The present friction will result in great good in

many ways. Let the brethren and sisters put press on under the present and present attainments consistent with the present conditions of life, and all will be well.

JOHN EDWARDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

MS. HARRIS.—THE GOLDEN GATE, of June 2d, has several questions embodied in different articles, which you should be able to answer, in order to hold your position in "Our Question Department." I refer to communications signed "L. C. A." and "C. E. S."

TRUTH SEEKER, San Jose.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:—Please allow me to make a correction in the answer to "Not Convinced," June 2d, in which I am made to say, "The father and mother do not create the good or evil in the child, they simply furnish the condition, where through the law of abstraction, the expressing soul finds a channel through which it may work out its natural tendency either for good or evil." In the place of "abstraction," please read "attraction."

To "Truth Seeker" I may say my position in "Our Question Department" would indeed hang upon a feeble thread if I considered my conclusions as necessarily fixing other people's convictions.

"Our Question Department" means freedom of thought, but no arbitrary utterance should find a place within its limits. I have read the articles to which you refer with interest.

"L. C. A." finds her love for the little child (which has come to her from the pulsating realms of eternity), stands in the way of her accepting the theory of re-incarnation. Re-incarnation or re-embodiment, as a word, does not mean for me what the word repeated embodiments does. The former might convey the idea of the loss of the present individuality in the succeeding life, but the latter means adding to. Simply another lesson, bringing to the divine center of our being more consciousness of the I. The loving mother touched the very keynote of the whole subject when she refers to the pleasure in the thought of the infant as a something entirely new, a mingling of material and spiritual elements, which particular combination have never before appeared. It is truly a new embodiment, not a re-embodiment, and who or what, I ask, is the ever active atelier of nature but the indwelling spirit sent out as a fresh impulse from the divine soul? Sent with a purpose, a definite purpose, and finding in your fond heart the very love it needed to bring to that center of divine energy, what would differentiate, make distinct but not separate from the Infinite Power.

Surely, if you have no kinship for your little love blossom save in the outward form, be it ever so beautiful, the bond would be feeble indeed, for with each passing moment that form throws off and takes on atoms. One year from now little will remain of what you love to-day, if you look not to the real, the ever enduring self of your child.

That real self may, and doubtless will, require many earth lives ere it will cease to express in the material realm, but is ever the same self, becoming more self-conscious.

Dear, loving heart, could you claim as your own that new existence, "the seal and symbol of our new love," what would you be claiming? Simply a seal and symbol—an outward expression of that which lives, moves, and has being in the All Father. The "mummy" is but a preserved seal or symbol, the real of which will survive, for though the symbol is pulseless forever, the soul that projected that symbol is eternal, ever sending out such impulses as will serve its purposes toward conscious individualization.

Even though the little "seal and symbol" that you love and cherish, should be one in a long line of symbols, which might take in, individually or collectively, "Joan of Arc, or Messalina, a Mrs. Jones, or the Virgin Mary," remember each would be but an outward form, a sign or symbol of an ever living soul, to which the long series of lives are lesson schools.

Gradually, as your child becomes more and more unfolded in this earth life, you will lose sight of her as an infant until what she is to-day will exist for you only in thought form as a memory. Still that memory will weave itself into the very warp and woof of your soul life, nothing can take the memory or the result of the experience from you.

Perhaps I may give you a crumb of comfort in the idea (which is truth to many) that souls incarnate as groups, or in families. If there is spirit kinship between two, nothing can take them apart; they belong to one family tree. With yourself and Mr. Cridge I see no reason why we should depend on the past repeated embodiments," since there are many at the present time who recall their past life as surely as we recall our childhood. As the results of all the past may be seen in the arts, science, and general literature of the day, so in the present thought and the theosophical works we find the past, so far as we have found those who could translate the old forms which thought has taken into modern dress. This transformation oftentimes distorts the truth, so we may sometimes waste through misty or "dry volumes" with great benefit.

To "L. C. A." whether a mother, as I have assumed in my answer, or a father which is more than likely, I would simply say your willingness to "have truth at any price" will secure it to you. Be-

tween our Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting and my other duties, I find I must let several questions lie over.

Yours for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,
SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.
BERKELEY, Cal.

A kicking mare in Portland, Me., has been named "She" because she makes her rider haggard.—Labor Leader.

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Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose graves are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have of son, daughter, and their mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as follows: "DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and with thoroughly test it this first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his country, the Worthington (Maine) "Advocate," writes: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little 'taper' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

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TIME SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains will leave and arrive at Passenger Depot (Townsend St., bet Third and Fourth Sts., San Francisco):

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		3:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	3:00 P.	
		4:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	4:00 P.	
		5:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	5:00 P.	
		6:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	6:00 P.	
		7:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	7:00 P.	
		8:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	8:00 P.	
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		2:00 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	2:00 P.	